

FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY SPECTATOR



NEWSPAPER

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An American Proposal for British Land Reform.

The progress of governmental reform in the British empire will be greatly accelerated by the contest over the bill for relieving Ireland from the evils of an "Established Church." This measure, important as it is for Ireland, acquires additional value from its bearing on the whole Church and State system in England and elsewhere in the British dominions. That which is good for one country will be deemed equally essential for other portions of the "Three Kingdoms," and all the regions under British sway. The masses in England and Scotland feel that they are in reality fighting their own battle on this Irish Church question.

Victory in this contest will be immediately followed by similar movements for "dis-establishing the Church" in England and elsewhere through the empire: And hence the unanimity of the British Reformers outside as well as inside of Parliament.

The movement against the politico-ecclesiastical Church of Ireland is the precursor of

speedy destruction to the whole British Church and State system. This great reform is but a question of time—and of a very short time. Nor can it be realized a moment too soon. The politico-sectarian legislation of Great Britain forms one of the darkest chapters in the history of civilization—the more detestable as it proceeds from those who profess a desire to reform the faith and errors of others. The Irish branch of this Church and State system has been always the most strongly marked by corruption and outrage; and it is a just retribution that dooms it first to fall under the reforming ax.

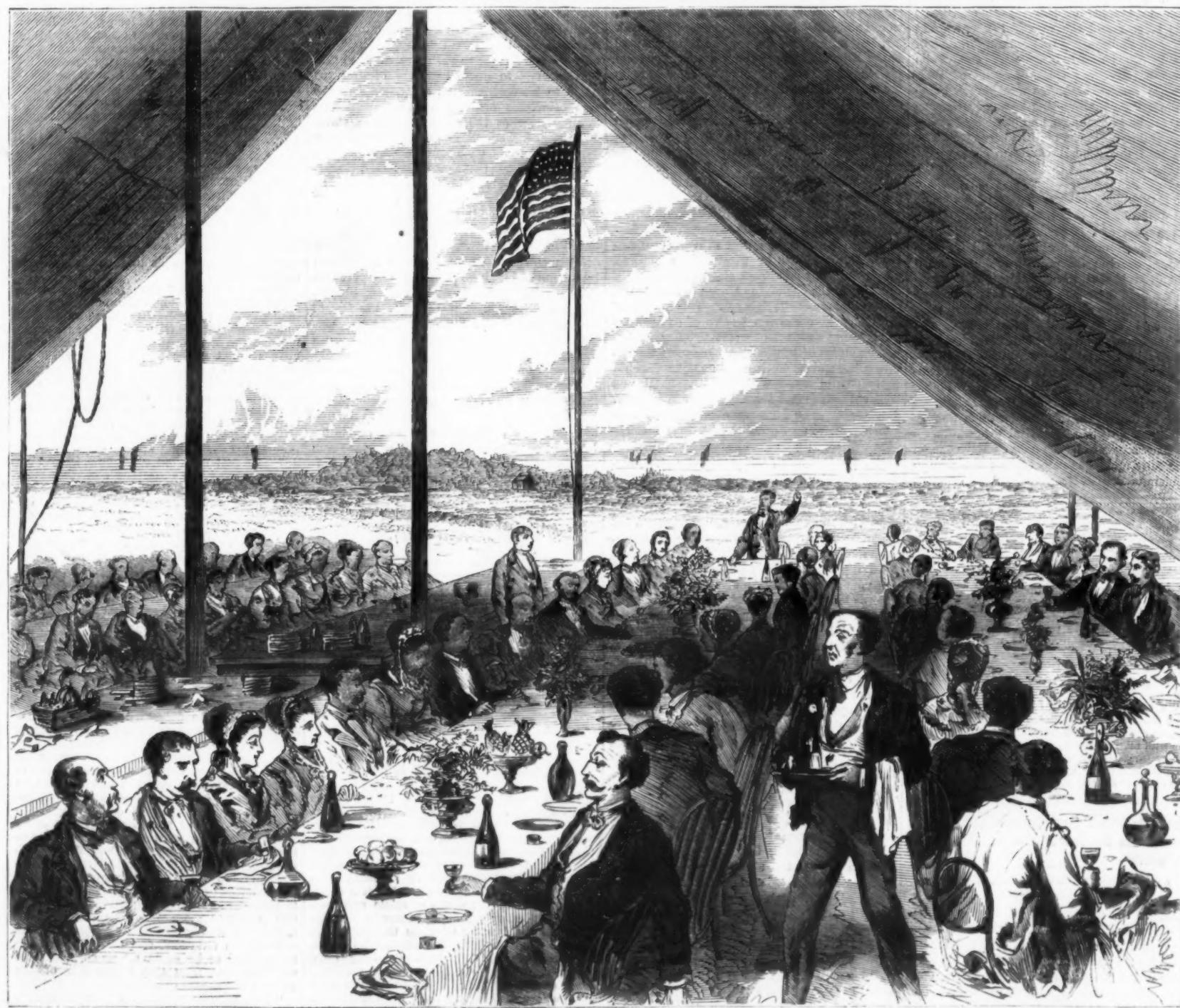
But there is a greater question looming up behind all this—far more important than reform even on the Church question. And that is, the abolition of the enormous Land Monopoly, which is the foundation and bulwark of multitudinous evils in the "Three Kingdoms." On this coming question there is entire harmony of interest—no local or sectarian prejudices—between the popular masses of all sects and localities in England and Scotland, as well as in Ireland.

The Land Monopoly is the greatest curse of

the Three Kingdoms. The landed aristocracy, which has controlled both Church and State, must speedily succumb to the reforming spirit of the times. Having entire possession of one branch of Parliament—the House of Lords—that aristocracy has usually controlled the House of Commons also; and has used the power to increase their own privileges and possessions to such an intolerable extent, that the evils must be abated—and that, too, quickly and effectually. Long-continued wrong and outrage of the land-aristocracy have lately aroused the British masses to secure such ascendancy in the House of Commons as will soon effect a reform on this vital question, as well as on the Church question. It will not longer be endured that the Lords shall use Parliament to increase and fortify their own power. The Land Monopoly has increased with such gigantic strides, that notwithstanding the greatly increased population, there are not now in England more than one-tenth of the freeholds that existed seventy years ago—only about 25,000 now against the 250,000 that existed when this century commenced. And even among the present small number of pro-

prietors, a very few control such a large portion of the land, that about 200 great landlords have generally controlled the election of a majority of members of the House of Commons. This can be no longer endured.

Although Ireland suffers most, England and Scotland have enough of grievances to complain of on this Land Monopoly question. A few Scottish nobles have become possessed of a large portion of the kingdom—land that properly belonged to their clans—the clansmen being driven into exile, or retained merely as "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The dukes of Buccleugh and Sutherland, and the Marquis of Breadalbane are prominent examples. The first is one of the wealthiest landlords in the empire; the second owns a whole county, which stretches across Scotland from sea to sea; and the third can actually travel hundred miles in a direct line on his own estate. In England the concentration of landed power is sufficiently shown by the single fact above mentioned—that the Land Monopoly has, in seventy years, counted out nine-tenths of the freeholders, leaving only about twenty-five thousand owners of the soil



THE CELEBRATION AT DUXBURY, MASS., OF THE COMPLETION OF THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE—THE BANQUET IN THE TENT ON ABRAM'S HILL, JULY 27.—FROM A SKETCH
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 342.

in all England, and most of those have only small farms, the great mass of the land being owned by a small clique of nabobs. The evils of this system prevail even more largely in ill-fated Ireland, as Irish land is owned largely in England, and land monopoly is aggravated by the non-residency of many of the chief owners.

The effects of such a system of land monopoly are seen in the many abuses in Church and State, and most frightfully in the pauperism, crime and exile into which such large portions of the people are driven.

The masses will no longer patiently endure the oppression and misery resulting from this unhealthy condition of affairs. But the question is, how to reform this overshadowing abuse without deluging the land in blood?

Long-standing and deep-rooted evils usually require proportionately severe remedies. No easy mode has yet been suggested by any of our British or Irish friends. But an American suggestion "hits the nail on the head," preferring quick and successful results in a lawful way. The plan is simply to tax landholders in proportion to the size of their estates. Exempting ten or twenty acres—enough for supporting an industrious family—the tax on all large farms or estates to be something like this: On from 20 to 50 acres, 1 per cent.; 50 to 100 acres, 1½ per cent.; 100 to 200 acres, 2 per cent.; 200 to 500 acres, 3 per cent.; 500 to 1,000 acres, 4 per cent.; 1,000 to 5,000 acres, 6 per cent.; 5,000 to 10,000 acres, 8 per cent.; 10,000 to 20,000 acres, 10 per cent.; and all beyond 20,000 acres, 15 or 20 per cent.

With such taxation, how long would it be till the immense overgrown estates, some of them having three or four hundred thousand acres, would be cut down, by being sold out, wholly or partially, in parcels and on terms to suit purchasers? The intolerable land monopoly, that is now crushing health and life out of the British laborer, would thus quickly and certainly be destroyed—never to rise again.

Perverred legislation aided in placing and fortifying vast estates in the hands of nabobs. Reformed laws can now measurably atone for the past, by preventing land monopoly in the future, and by enabling men of moderate means to become owners of the soil. The hardy laborer and the practical farmer would soon show their energy by becoming owners of suitable farms and homesteads. Out of the money derived from sales of parts of their immense estates, landlords would then benefit the nation by investing some of their surplus funds in factories and other enterprises of general importance, and the effect would be to diffuse through all classes a share of the comforts now denied to the great mass of the people. Pauperism, crime, and expatriation would then be largely abated, and the whole land would bloom with prosperity.

As a part of this great Land Reform, the law of entail or primogeniture will be abolished, of course; although it would be impossible, even if that law continues, to accumulate or hold immense landed estates under a system of taxation like that above mentioned. *Taxation is the ready and effective leveler of land monopoly*, for few would hold the very large estates on which taxation would fall so heavily.

Here is a plan that the wisdom of our British friends has not yet suggested. All other projects for Land Reform in Great Britain are beset by difficulties that render them impracticable. This plain, practical proposition for a tax law seems to be the only effective one for peacefully and effectually solving the greatest problem in British Reform.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 14, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice to News Agents.

We are preparing to issue a series of handsome show bills, and to insure their efficient circulation, we desire to place ourselves in direct communication with all the News Agents throughout the United States. News Agents who have not yet received our circulars, will please forward to this office their business cards, or addresses in full.

The Attempted Censure of John Quincy Adams by the House of Representatives.

BY SENATOR HENRY WILSON, OF MASS.

Among the measures adopted by the friends of emancipation during the anti-slavery struggle, was the presentation of petitions to Congress for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia. Being common ground, and dependent on Congress for its laws and government, it was thought there might be legislation upon the subject, even by those who recognized the unconstitutionality of interference with slavery within the States.

All such petitions, however, were inflexibly opposed by those who believed in slavery and desired its continuance; and many a hard-fought battle attested the determination and earnestness of both its friends and foes. With these fierce and bloodless struggles no name is more indissolubly associated than that of John Quincy Adams. Although not an Abolitionist himself, and not in favor of the prayer of the petitioners, yet so strong was his conviction of the justice of what he regarded as "the sacred right of petition," that he was willing to espouse a most unpopular cause, and, at the risk of obloquy, invective, and the most determined opposition, threw the weight of his great name, talents, position and influence into the scale; so that a history of his championship of this right stands out in bolder relief than even the history of his Presidency, on the annals of the nation. Congressional history records no scenes and episodes more exciting. Of them, perhaps, the two most marked were one which occurred in 1837, on his presenting a petition purporting to come from some slaves, and one in 1842, on a petition for the dissolution of the Union. I can only give some account of the first in this paper.

In February, 1837, Mr. Adams arose in his seat at a time of more than usual excitement on the subject, and stated that he had in his possession a paper upon which he desired the decision of the Speaker. It came from persons declaring themselves to be slaves, and he wished to know whether the Speaker considered it as coming under the rule of the House. The Speaker (Mr. Polk), replied it was a novel case, and he would leave it to the House. Mr. Lawler, of Alabama, objected to its going to the table. Mr. Lewis, from the same State, thought that the representatives from the slaveholding States ought to demand that the attempt should instantly put in requisition the power of the House to punish the member who made such an attempt. If this is not done, and that promptly, all the members from the slaveholding States should immediately in a body quit the House and go home to their constituents. Mr. Grantland, of Georgia, would second the motion for punishment, and go all lengths for it, and Mr. Alford, of Georgia, would move that the paper be instantly burned. Mr. Patton, of Virginia, said he had examined the petition, which purported to come from nine ladies of Fredericksburg. He stated, upon his responsibility, that there was not the name of a lady of that town upon that paper, of decent respectability. He recognized among them only one name, that of a mulatto woman of notoriously infamous character and reputation. On his motion, the rules were suspended to enable him to move that the petition be taken from the table and returned to the gentleman who presented it. Mr. Thompson, of South Carolina, moved as an amendment, that Mr. Adams, having been guilty of a gross disrespect of the House by presenting a petition purporting to come from slaves, be instantly brought to the bar of the House to receive the severe censure of the Speaker. This motion of Mr. Thompson was illustrative of an element of influence which had great potency in the party politics of those days. He was a Southern Whig, and as such, was anxious that his party should stand well with the South; as well, at least, as its rival, the Democratic party. He also expressed extravagant and ultra sentiments on the subject, saying that he was thankful and proud that he was born an American, a slaveholder, and a South Carolinian, pronouncing slavery itself "a blessing." Nor were the Southern Whigs alone anxious on this point. Mr. Granger, of New York, a prominent Free State member of the same party, expressed his surprise at Mr. Adams's course, and informed the House that he was opposed to the prayer of the petitioners, and should not vote for the abolition of slavery in the district so long as it remained in Maryland. Mr. Lewis offered a substitute, declaring that Mr. Adams, "in attempting to introduce a petition coming from slaves, praying the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, had committed an outrage upon the rights and feelings of the people of the Union, and had invited the slave population of the South to insurrection."

The substitute was accepted. Mr. Adams remarked here to Mr. Lewis that he should be a little more careful of his facts, inasmuch as the petition was "against, not for," the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. This quiet suggestion greatly nettled Southern men, and Mr. Thompson presented a modification of the resolution, to the effect, that Mr. Adams, by creating the impression that the petition was for the abolition of slavery when he knew it was not, had trifled with the House. Deprecating the "levity which was attempted to be thrown upon the subject, he inquired: "Is it a mere trifle to hoax members from the South? to irritate almost to madness the entire delegation from the Southern States?" Mr. Adams replied from his seat that he hoped he should "not be held responsible for all the follies of Southern members." Mr. Mann, a distinguished lawyer of New York, and "a Northern man with Southern principles," defined his position by deprecating Mr. Adams's

course, and declaring, for himself, his constituents, and his friends, that they would abide by the compromises of the Constitution, and "live up to the contract." Mr. Cambell, of the same State, pronounced "the petition a hoax," "probably better understood by the gentleman from Massachusetts than by his assailants."

During three days of excitement, passion, and invective, Mr. Adams had remained quiet in his seat, not even taking notes of what had been so bitterly and savagely said against him. Rising to reply, the most profound attention, due to his age, experience, and position, was accorded him. He said if it had been a petition of slaves for the abolition of slavery, he should have at least paused before he brought the subject before the House, in any form. However sacred he might hold the right of petition, he would still exercise a discretionary power in bringing before the House petitions which, in his opinion, ought not to be presented. The mere circumstance, however, of the petition being from a slave would not prevent him from presenting it. If a horse or a dog had the power of speech, or of writing, and should send him a petition, he would present it to the House. A petition was a prayer, a supplication to a superior being, that which is offered to our God. He declared the framers of the Constitution would have repudiated the idea that they were giving the people the right of petition. "That right," he affirmed, "God gave to the whole human race when he made man. My doctrine is, that the right of petition is the right of prayer, not depending on the condition of the petitioner." He said that Mr. Patton made no objection when he presented a petition from women of infamous character, but he objected when they came from colored people. Mr. Patton would rescue the ladies of Fredericksburg from the stigma of having signed such a petition. Mr. Adams said he had presented petitions from ladies as eminently entitled to be called such as any aristocrats in the land, but he had usually called them "women," and that, he said, to my heart, is a dearer appellation than *ladies*. Mr. Thompson had said there was such an institution as a grand jury, and intimated that Mr. Adams might be indicted for stirring up insurrection. To this threat he replied: "The only answer I make to such a threat from that gentleman is to invite him, when he returns home to his constituents, to study a little the first principles of liberty. That gentleman appears here as the representative of slaveholders, and I should like to be informed how many there are of such representatives on this floor who endorse that sentiment? Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, said he did not endorse it. Mr. Wise, of Virginia, asked if any man from the South endorsed it, and he emphatically declared he did not. Mr. Thompson said he referred to the laws of South Carolina, by which every member would be liable to indictment by the grand jury if he presented any petitions from slaves. Mr. Adams replied, amid profound sensation, that if that was the law of South Carolina, and members of her Legislature were amenable to petit and grand juries for words spoken in debate, God Almighty receive my thanks that I am not a citizen of that State. Mr. Adams closed by an appeal to the House and an appeal to the nation, that it was not he, but those who objected to the discharge of his duty, who were answerable for the consumption of time. This heroic speech of the "old man eloquent" produced a profound impression, and the resolutions of censure were rejected by a large majority.

FIRST AND LAST.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Just come from heaven, how bright and fair
The soft locks of the baby's hair,
As if the unshut gates still shed
The shining halo round his head.

Just entering heaven, what sacred snows
Upon the old man's brow repose,
For there the opening gates have thrown
The glory from the great white throne!

THE FERRY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

In our quiet town at the river's mouth, there are, for all the quietness of either, two as distinct towns as if there were a separate mayor and corporation for both of them respectively. One of these towns, the great High street, all embowered with century-old elms, its sweet silence scarcely disturbed by anything more noisy than the bird-calls with which it is vocal, the whirring of the wings of oriole and swallow, the floating garment of some lovely lady, or the swift beating of some thoroughbred's feet, with its magnificent mansions, its lawns, its turf-bordered fountains—this lofty town would scarcely give one an idea of the other town at the foot of the hill, where the river runs, where the great wharves, once laden with the wealthy freight of East and West Indian argosies, now slowly drop to pieces with the flow and ebb of the tides, where the fleet of fishing-dories anchor, and the fishermen's dwellings line the causeway and look out to sea, and where everything suggests a life as utterly different from that of the great High street as if they each were parts of a different quarter of the globe.

We have often, for many a summer, been in the habit of going down out of this upper town to the riverside, and when we did not care for a longer jaunt upon the water, or had no boatman of our own, of hailing the ferryman who carried his skiff to and fro between the wharves and the old settlement of Samphire Island; and, as his business was but a dull occasional thing, a few pennies were always found to be sufficient bribe to induce him to row us up and down the river for a breath of the salt air, until he happened to see some waiting passenger so frantic with impatience as to be almost dancing a fandango on the open landing, in which case he rowed back again at his leisure, took in the fresh freight without apology, and rowed across once more—rowing being as much a matter of fact to him, the leasee of the ferry for this one-and-twenty years, as walking is to other people—an ancient and amphibious-looking creature, his pink face coiled and knotted and covered with little mole-like projections like an old conch-shell, and as he approached to take you on board, his two oars rising and dipping in the distance like the strange fins of some tame and placid water-monster—a cross-grained old wretch whose lifted oar was so full of batallous suggestion that one shrank a little before it—but an institution of the river, which we should as soon have thought of losing as one of the ugly old barnacled piers that marked the bed of the stream far down below the ferry.

One summer sunset we rambled thitherward, and leaned a while on the capstan of the wharf, waiting for the ferryboat to cross as we had waited there a hundred times before. It was the first time that summer though, and everything struck us with a certain novelty as if we looked at it for the first time in our lives instead of in that summer—the black and blistered schooners at the sides of the wharf—down stream, the hull of a new launch just ready to receive her masts and rigging—up-stream, reared against the light, all her lines of spar and yard and cordage standing out darkly on the airy gold and carmine of the west, a great East-Indian, a shadowy mystery, keeping to herself the secret of torrid heats and heavens and drenching dews which she had learned down underneath the equator—across the way the moss-grown village of Samphire Island bathed in the mellow evening ray till it sparkled as if crusted with a thousand rubies—far out, the lighthouse and its lamps, ghost-like in the gathering purple mist that dimly curled in above the white line of the breakers—and over all the level floor of the mile-wide stream sliming with splendid tints and lustres, the children, scooting in their stolen boats like darting water-bugs in one place, and in another, naked as cherubs, diving and swimming and frolicking as if they had no shipwreck to grow up to—while the brown fishermen smoked restfully along the shore, and their wives gossiped at each other's doors and windows, arms rolled in aprons—and it all seemed to me a life as fresh and foreign from our own as that of the dwellers in some other star could be: up in the great High street, for all its stately seclusion and fair outside show, there might be slandering and bickering and heart-burning, but here there were primitive brotherhood, simple nature and peace.

While we indulged such fancies, and wondered if civilization and culture only produced the envy and wrangling that were wanting in ruder manners, and if it were better for learning and the arts to be buried, so that untaught virtues might replace them, the ferryboat arrived and we were seated in it and propelled a couple of oars-lengths out of the dock before we betook ourselves of something strange in our situation. Was not the ferryboat of old a bruised and battered affair, with the paint washed off, and worn with the oars of many thousand passages, and so leaky that one might nearly as well have swum across as have come in the boat? And what then was this broad-beamed dory, white as the foam of the wave, and picked out in a delicate green, neater than the captain's-boat of a man-of-war, with stakes set up and a band of leather attached to them for backs to the seats, and with, yes, actually, with a dry floor laid down in Canton matting? But stay a minute—the ferryman! had our old pink conch-shell suffered a metempsychosis into this blooming youth, this stalwart strong-shouldered fellow, this young viking with his yellow beard just fringing his lip, and the light of his blue eye as steady and as sharp as a sunbeam?

"This face looks familiar to me," said my companion. "But what in the world does this metamorphosis mean, and where is Mr. Norris gone?"

"There he is," said the young viking, and he pointed at an object we ought to have recognized, a gnarled and grizzled oarsman in a boat that possibly had served as tender to the Ark, with an old man and three old women for passengers, whose antiquated attire seemed to be all one with the oarsman and the boat, so that it might have been the phantom of a pleasure-party sunk some half century ago, preserved as they had sunk, and just sent up by the powers below for a moment's apparition in the wan evening-light. It was, though, nothing of the sort; but the old ferryman, Norris, and a few of the patrons who clung to him in his defeat, or clung to long habit rather than to him—for he had been outbid on the ferry this year, and these were of the sect of old fogies who stoutly refused to countenance the new-fangled ferryboat, and stood by Mr. Norris so long as he could lift an oar, and were evidently free from that bodily fear of him which I had always experienced.

"Yes, there he is," said the young ferryman, surveying him like a curiosity that could not be sufficiently studied, "and I'll tell you how he happens to be there."

"How is that?" we asked. And as the tide

was running down the river so strongly that progress across was slow work, we disposed ourselves to listen to something that might interest us—how that old man, perhaps, whose looks belied his pastoral innocence, had taken a fancy to this handsome youth and had resigned his worn-out place in life to him, just keeping his hand in the old river-work at twilight times for the association's sake.

"You see," said the young man, "I came here a stranger after a dozen years' absence—though I'm no stranger to you, sir, if you recall me—my name's Lebrun."

"If I recall you!" said my husband. "Why, bless my heart, it's Joe! I said there was something familiar—Joe used to work in our garden, my dear, till he took a fancy to go to sea. I'm glad to see you at home again, Joe, glad to see you at home. How goes the world with you?"

"Well enough, sir—too well, in fact, and that's the reason Mr. Norris is over there."

"And you've left the sea?"

"For good and all, sir. And how do you and madame prosper? I suppose it's your wife, sir—I've been away so long. But you've changed yourself. Lor, you warn't only a boy when I run away."

"And are you married yet yourself?" asked my husband, laughing.

"Exactly what I was going to tell you, sir, if you please, seeing it concerns Mr. Norris the least little tiny bit," replied our handsome boatman, resting on his oars a season, for having been pulling up-stream on the edge of the channel, where the current ran feeblest, he was going to let his boat float down on the full fall of the tide, with now and then a stroke, till it reached the landing-place on the opposite side without much effort on his part, which would happen long before the obstinate old Norris arrived, tugging straight across the flow. "You see," said Joe, after having scanned my countenance, and decided that I was as worthy of his confidence as his former master, "you see I'm a stranger here, and praps that's the reason why I haven't as much reverence for—what's this they call 'em—existing institutions as some has; the ferry with old Norris on it, that means, over here in Samphire Island. So when I come off the sea last spring a year ago, and went to shoemaking here at a chance I had on the Island, and I see the old bridge so's that Blondin himself wouldn't durst to walk across it, whatever he'd do across Niagara, says I to myself, There'd ought to be a smart chance at the ferry now. And so, looking out the workshop window, day by day, I noticed gradually that scarcely none but the old berry-women used that ferry at all. The islanders had got out of the way of it, I found; they'd harness up their teams, as they always had done, and drive to the head of the bridge, and see how it looked in its shaky old rat-riddled timbers, and then refuse it, and go on till they reached the upper bridge, a matter of six miles out of their way, and three hours out of their time, with such nags as pasture hereabouts, rather than take the ferry, and be across in fifteen minutes; and, says I, Well, that's curious. And the real fact of it was, they'd found the ferryman so uncertain, and his boat so leaky, and himself so cantankerous, that the men would rather walk round than depend on him, or have to take his temper, and the women'd rather stay to home than spoil their dresses on his wet floor and seats; and they'd got it into a habit with years, so that they didn't mind that that was the way they did, and so that he got precious little custom, though he got more'n enough to pay him, seeing that he bid the ferry in for five dollars every spring for twenty years, and was nowise beholden to it for a living, for he had a farm and money in the bank, and a stockingfull of it he didn't trust to no bank, and he worked at shoemaking, spells, with all that, for he was that miserly, sir, there warn't gold enough in Ophir to content him, I don't suppose. Well, it didn't make much odds to me about the ferry, to be sure, my time not being so precious that I couldn't afford to lose a little of it. If the old man didn't happen to be ready to go, or was waiting himself to pull in the eel-trap before he started over, or was loitering along and fishing for tom-cod as he came across; I could wait too, and, of course, I wasn't particular about my dresses," said Joe, with a laugh.

"But I thought 'twas kind of queer to see people put up with such a swindle for twenty year, and so I said so, and after I said so I wished I'd held my tongue, for they came down on me, these self-same people, like a thousand of brick. They called me an interloper, and an infidel, and a free-lover, if you'll believe it, they really did, and said I'd oughter be ridden out of town on a rail, and if I didn't like the ferry as they'd managed it all their lives, I'd better get a boat and row myself across; and they wouldn't listen to reason. And all that kind of roused me, and I said, By George, if they didn't take care I would, and could carry other people too, and would show them how a ferry could be handled; and they said I couldn't do that, because 'twas agen the law where there was one ferry all sold out to the highest bidder. And that put it into my head when first of May come to bid over old Norris, and get the ferry myself. I had some of the fellers with me, of course, and some of the young women too, and was what might be called a growing party. Now, nobody ever bid against old Norris since the memory of man, so the thought of it was no better than blasphemy to folks that liked to keep things as they'd been, and you'd have supposed old Norris's boat was the Ark of the Covenant, and I'd laid hands on it, and it made such a time in town-meeting that they came mighty near smashing the windows, and so I thought I'd knock off and stick to my last, and make no more disturbance about what was no odds to me, no odds except that I'd got to stay on the Island, for old Norris would have drowned me rather than set me safe over if I'd asked him, and though I couldn't afford to buy a boat, yet if worst came to worst I could swim

across, and there it rested, I supposed. Bless you, no, sir! Rested? I couldn't go to meeting for the sermons the minister preached at me bringing French foreign notions into a quiet village; I couldn't have gone up to the post-office, evenings, for the slurs and hits of the loungers there, if I hadn't squared off at 'em early, and shut 'em up in the beginning; I wouldn't a gone to the doctor's and had a tooth drawn for no money you could mention, for I could see just how he'd twist his red silk handkercher round the ivory handle of that torturing thumbscrew of his'n, and tear out half my jaw with it; it wasn't considered the thing for any of the young women to be seen speaking with me on the road; and the lad that kept my company was declared a hard fellow; and it was enough to drive a boy to the bad, if he hadn't had his fling out, and been ready to settle down steady, as I was. 'Look here,' said I to them, one day in the fall, 'you're likely to lose a good citizen the way you're carrying on, and citizens ain't so plenty over here to Samphire Island, where the young men go away to sea and are lost, and the young women sit waiting for 'em till they grow into old maids, and a baby is looked on like nothing short of a miracle.' The minister said that was nothing better than the doctrines of the 'Fourierites,' or something, but I took no notice. 'You're likely to lose another poll-tax,' says I; 'another workman, and one that'll add his mite to the town, and lessen all the other taxes by as much as that mite's worth, and you're driving him out of town because he's wanted to improve your condition by making old Norris run his ferry for something else than fishes. Now, you look out, or I'll go!' and, by George, when it came to that, they didn't want me to go, sir, and some few of them began to say among themselves that there was reason in roasting eggs, and no reason in driving off a tax-payer for thinking poorly of the ferry. What if he did think poorly of it? It pleased them: let him get a better if he could—and so on; and though after that they called off their dogs, and left off what you may call their active persecution, yet they treated me, very much on the whole, as if they had a tame viper among them, and let me alone with a vengeance.

"Somehow I didn't wilt under anything like what they expected. But old Norris, he wasn't a-going to let me down so easy, and seeing the others had about abandoned my case, he'd a little game of his own, and swore he'd punish me, and he first sent for Liz. I never thought the old feller was so cunning—but that was a real master-stroke, now, I tell you. Liz was his daughter, she'd been staying with her mother's sister up in New Hampshire, and was going to an academy; her mother being dead, of course, as what woman could have been old Norris's wife and lived? And Liz made a stir when she came, you'd better bet; she had a check like a peach—she's got it now; eyes so dark you couldn't tell the color of them no more than you could tell the color of the sky in the night; hair like the sunshine—there, I can't—but she was a picture! And the first thing that that old fox did was to send her down to our shop to be measured for a pair of shoes! Now, Mr. Norris had picked out his piece with tolerable judgment; but he went and put such an all-fired charge in it, it's no wonder it kicked, so to say. If he'd just said, 'There's that worthless Lebrun, never'll earn the butter to his bread,' and dismissed the matter, why, she'd never have given me a second glance of her eyes. But instead of that, he said to her, 'Don't you be looking at that Frenchman down there?' that's what they called me when they wanted to do their worst, because my father happened to be waiting on a gentleman barbering here who died, so my father took his master's name, and set up for himself as a barber, but he took it in vain, so far's that goes. However, said the old varmint to her: 'Don't you be looking at that Frenchman down there; he's a red-handed republican that's come from foreign parts to upset the foundations of society; he's a murdering, lying, stealing, swearing vagabond, and if he don't drink, it's only because he's too stingy to, but he goes over to town and plays billiards!' And the natural consequence was that the piece kicked of course, as I told you; that is, Liz looked at me, and wondered what it was to be a red-handed republican, and what sort of a life I'd led in foreign parts, and began to feel a particular desire on the spot to convert me into righteousness, and out of billiards; and I wasn't any way loth to be converted, if that meant seeing Liz home from evening meeting, and walking way down the lane and out along the riverside when the first snow was falling soft around us, and sometimes talking, and sometimes keeping still, and all the time thinking what a born beauty she was, and what a pity it was that she was old Norris's daughter, and if it was possible that she could be led to look at me in any other light than a missionary-light, and what a good-for-nothing cumberer of the ground I was, nowise fit to dream of the likes of her—and I grew as blue as milk. But Liz, she was just as merry as a robin, singing and twittering, when you saw her, from one day's end to another—for, you see, having had her attention pointed that way, and pointed sharp, the moment Liz looked at me, she liked me—and none the less because she heard everybody abusing me, that's her sort; and not a bit the less that she couldn't have me come to keep open company with her at the house, but had to steal out, evenings, with her apron over her head, and meet me over at the field-gate, or down the snowy lanes, or anywhere out-doors in the dark and cold, so that 'twas just as romantic to her as one of the novels she used to read. First along—no, that wasn't first along—for then I was just stupid and dumb over that girl's beauty and goodness, and walked with my head in a cloud, and that's a fact; then one of the fellers joked, and said old Norris was getting his come-apance, and then, do you know, instead of being glad to spite him, and have a chance to do it, I got to

caring for the girl so I thought I knew how her father must love her, and I just began to feel tender for the old bummer himself; and one day I met him on the road, and, without stopping to think, I held out my hand with some sort of words about being sorry I'd ever given him any trouble, and he just struck up my hand with one of the oars he was carrying home to mend—the ferry'd been hauled up for the ice in the river and was ready to go again.

"Thought I'd fetch you to," said he, with a grin like a heathen god, and passed on. And I was so struck of heap that I let him go by—but there! he was Liz's father, and I couldn't have hit him if I hadn't been struck of a heap. But Liz, she was looking from their door at it all, and when her father told, quite triumphant-like, what I said, and what he had done, 'I saw you,' cried Liz, 'and I was ashamed of you!'

"Maybe 'twarn't exactly the thing to say to a father, but then it hadn't been exactly the thing either for a father to do; and what do you think he capped it off with? Slapping her? No, indeed; he shut her up in a closet. Liz was angry enough, I tell you, but she couldn't help laughing, if 'twas to save her life, and no more could I, and somehow it got out—I guess old Norris told it at the post-office himself—and there's always plenty, 'specially young folks, to take sides with a pair of lovers, for that's what we'd come to be considered, and the old man began to have that closet dinned into his ears till he hated me worse'n ever. And one day I see Liz hurrying along in a shower, and I caught up an umbrella, and ran after her, and she turned her head and looked up at me and laughed, but didn't say a word.

"Well," said I, "you lost that bird-call o' yours?" And she didn't answer. "Ain't you going to speak?" says I, then. She waited just long enough to breathe after that, and then she looked up with a roguish face, but in a minute after was looking straight ahead again.

"Father says I'm not to bandy any words with a chap that calls himself Lebrun," says she, as if she was speaking to herself.

"That so?" I asked.

"And if I do," she went on still, as if speaking to herself, "he'll beat me to a blue mold."

"And her lips quivered.

"And you're going to be a dutiful daughter?" says I.

"Oh, I can't be a dutiful daughter!" she cried, all of a sudden, with the tears springing out all over her face, and she starting to run.

"But I had her hand under my arm, and keeping hold of it so she couldn't run fur, I brought her round directly.

"Don't you be afraid of him, Liz, or any other man alive," I said. "You're of age, and had oughter know how to choose your own company, if you're ever going to know."

"Oh, he's looking at me from the door," cried Liz, in a terror. "Don't keep me. Let me go, please let me go, dear Joe!"

"Well," says I then, mighty pleased, for she'd never exactly said as much as that before, though she knew well enough I loved her, "I ain't going to interfere with your duty to your father's long as he treats you like a father. I did mean to ask you of him fair and square the day he hit up my hand with the oar, and I don't give him over yet; but just as sure as he lifts a finger to strike my little girl, just as sure as he lays a finger on you, mind, you get out your window and come to me, and we'll go straight across the river to Parson Spaulding, and I'll like to see the man that'll dare to touch my wife then a second time, father or no father. And it'll go hard if I can't earn a comfortable home for us two together, and wish my dear old mother was alive to share it!" says I. And at that we'd almost reached the gate, and Liz turned her face round again, so smiling and bright and beautiful, 'twas enough to dazzle a feller, and stopped a minute as if she was going to say something, but didn't, and then she ran up the path alone in the rain, and she'd left the little brass ring, that she always wore, on my finger; but, bless you! it wouldn't go over the first joint, so I strung it on a string and put it around my neck, and that's where it'll be found when I'm dust and ashes, sir! I see the old man come out, with his waxed end and his awl in his hand, and seize Liz by the shoulder, and heard him cry out: "If you want it you shall have it!" but I thought he only did that to spite me, and went back to work quite content, picturing to myself the snug little home we'd have bimeby when I'd laid by a trifle more—for though I had enough to furnish a chamber and buy a cooking-stove, I kinder wanted Liz to have a bit of a parlor; and though I could get enough any day by selling the great silver chronometer the Britshers gave me for my share of helping save some people off a wreck last voyage I took, to buy a clock and a carpet and a seraphine, yet I'd a liked to earn it regular, and keep the chronometer to show my children their father hadn't been a coward in his day.

"Somehow—whether 'twas getting my mind disturbed with air-castles and happiness, or whether 'twas spirits, I can't say—but I didn't sleep well that night, thought I never should drop off, and when I did at last, it was into nothing but catnaps, so that along before dawn I up and took a swim in the river, and dressed me, and was sitting on the doorstep a-whistling and a-listening to the birds that'd just begun to build, when what should I see come running up the road in the gray light but a ghost! I thought it really was a ghost a minute, but presently I made out it was Liz, and I stepped down to meet her, and she dropped all in a heap, crying out and sobbing: "Oh, he did! he did! he beat me, and I've run away; I've come to you, Joe!"

"Beat you? The —, and I began to swear, and Liz did nothing but cry till I'd swore out, and took her up in my arms, and see the warts on her hands and neck, and begun to cry myself to think of it.

"I've run away," sobbed Liz. "I've come to you, Joe, and if you don't want me I'll go up to

my aunt's in New Hampshire, or out to service, but I'll never, never go back!"

"I guess you won't go back!" says I. "Don't want you? Ain't I been dying to get you this Lord knows how long? I'll show you how much right off—here, let me put your bonnet on, you apple-blossom. I s'pose you tossed your clothes out the window?"

"Yes," sobbed Liz again. "I tied 'em up in a bundle and hid 'em in the hollow peach tree, so I could send any one for them. I darsn't go back myself," she cried, shivering.

"You shan't!" says I. "That's flat!"

"I don't want ever to see him again," says she. "Miss Glipin'll take care of him the way she used to, and I set out his breakfast on the table for him before I came away."

"Hope it may poison him!" says I.

"No, Joe, he's my father," says Liz, with another little burst.

"Well, choke him," says I, and Liz couldn't get me down milder'n that; and I wisht it had now, except that I couldn't aggravate his soul half out of him, in that case, by sight of me and the ferry to-day. However, the long and the short of that matter was that I took somebody's boat lying along the landing and set Liz across the river, and we went up to Parson Spaulding's in the High street over there—Liz all in a tremble and afraid to go in the house and wishing she could have it done by nitrous oxyd—and he married us out of hand.

"That very day was town-meeting, and the day of the annual sale of the ferry moreover, and when I'd got home and left Liz all comfortable in my own room, and under Miss Brown's care, till we could do better, I went into town-meeting without a word to nobody, and when old Norris, who looked sort of womb-be-cropped, wondering to himself what had become of Liz—when old Norris bid his five dollars, I up and bids my ten, and he was so startled he forgot to bid again, and it was knocked down to me, and the whole of it so sudden it took my breath away. Then I went home to Liz and asked her if she'd like to go on boarding and use Miss Brown's parlor, and stay without the seraphine a while, so we could sell the chronometer, and buy a dory, and carry out our ideas of what a ferry ought to be. And she said of course she had, like the best little wife that ever lived. And that's how I got the boat; and at the same time I got Liz a Mozambique, or a Madagascar, or something of that sort, a gray gown anyway, to appear out in come Sunday, and then folks was certain of what they didn't know but what it might be hearsay before. And you never see such a division as there was in our parish; some of the folks was for thinking Liz and I warn't as much married people as the rest of 'em, and some was biling over about the ferry, and some wasn't for tempting Providence by trusting themselves in deep water with a vicious chap like me, as if Providence was lying round waiting to catch the first that slipped, and some was for altering the naturalization laws that let a foreign-born French rascal come in and take the bread out of free citizens' mouths, till I showed them the register of my birth in the town-books across the river, and that shut them up. But gradually the worst of it blew over; and the most of 'em's precious glad to hear the dip of my oars after all, and what with the clean boat that don't soil the dresses, and the carpet that don't wet the feet, and the cushions and the straps to seats that don't break the back, I've made a trade, sir—made a trade out of nothing; and I've cleared more the two months of this spring that I've been running than old Norris ever did in half a dozen years put together; there's constant travel, and the old horses of the Island haven't been harnessed up this year. But there's some that don't countenance me yet; I don't know as they're quite certain about my being the beast of the bottomless pit in Revelations, but they know I'm one of the evil signs of the latter days, and I don't think they'd be willing to cross the Great River with me at last, if they thought I was going into the Celestial City with them. So they just ask old Mr. Norris to try his oars, when they want to go across—don't they look like a party from last century now?—and though he ain't any right to, I don't say nothing to hinder, for it makes him feel better, and I've got Liz."

"Well, Joe, I'm glad you have," said my husband, as the boat touched the landing after its long trip, "and I'm glad you have the ferry, too. Bring your wife over to see us and the old garden you worked in when I never dreamed of your settling down into a steady family-man. You must take this to help your housekeeping along for old acquaintance' sake," and he extended his hand with something in it.

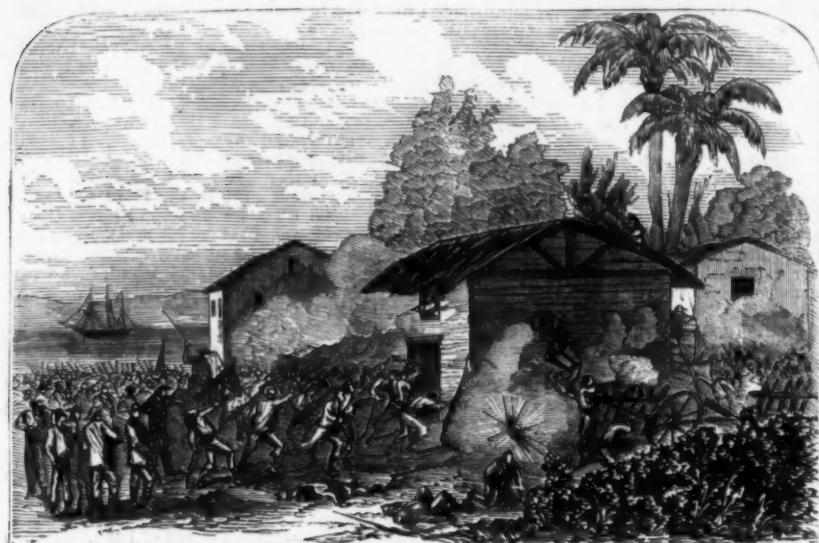
"Not a penny, sir," cried Joe, drawing back resolutely. "Can't I set a friend over the stream without pay? Not a penny, sir! I'll be affronted!"

"If you want to do me a turn, squire, just speak a word for the ferry as you go 'long the Island, and that's all I want. That's Liz—in the brown gingham, the pink cheeks—that's Liz!"

But somehow not all the buxom beauty of the brown-eyed lass, nodding gayly from the window at her stalwart ferryman, quite made up to me for what I had lost by his story. "I'm glad he didn't take your money," said I to my husband. "I don't want to pay him for destroying my dreams, and spoiling Samphire Island, and showing me just as much slandering and bickering and heart-burning in one place as another."

"I am always willing to pay for the truth," said my husband, "and I like it better than sentimental fancies, even if it tells me that the question of the ferry has disturbed this little community more than the question of slavery ever did. The people of Samphire Island have made an advance in civilization, I find; and if they are not all one might wish, I can fall back for compensation and enjoyment on the reflection of the yellow masts and the brown shrouds all rippled in the water till it resembles nothing but a wonderful Scotch pebble. Just look at it, my dear!"

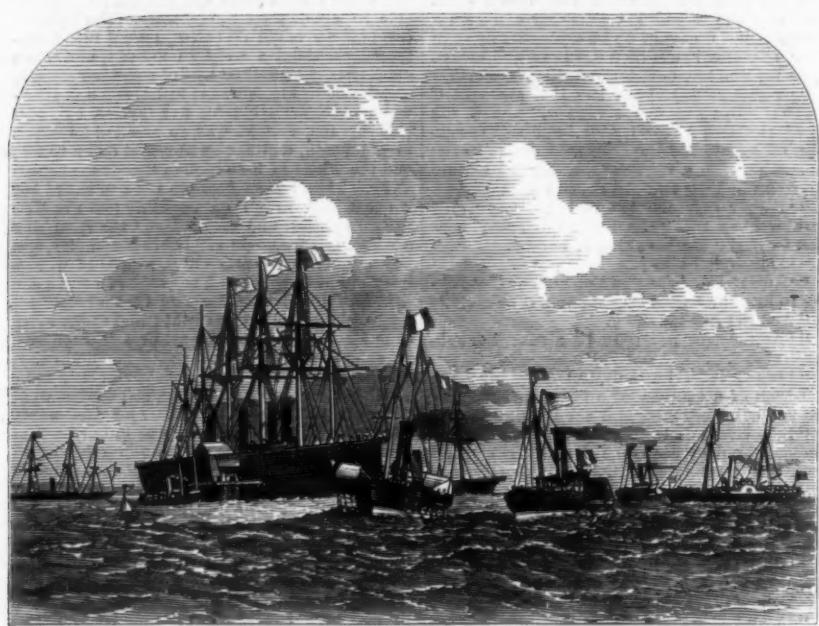
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 343.



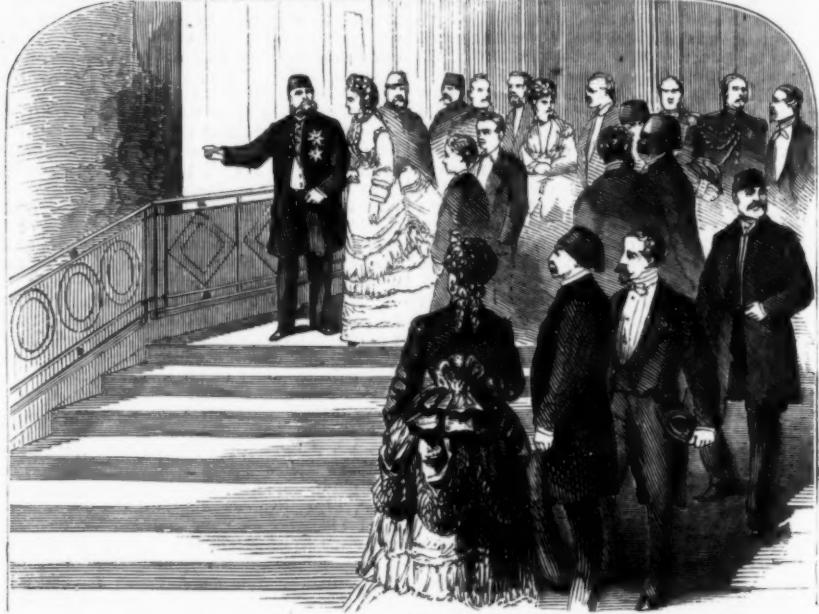
THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA—ATTACK ON GEN. JORDAN'S CAMP, AT NIPE.



THE FAIR OF LANDIT, AT ST. DENIS, FRANCE.



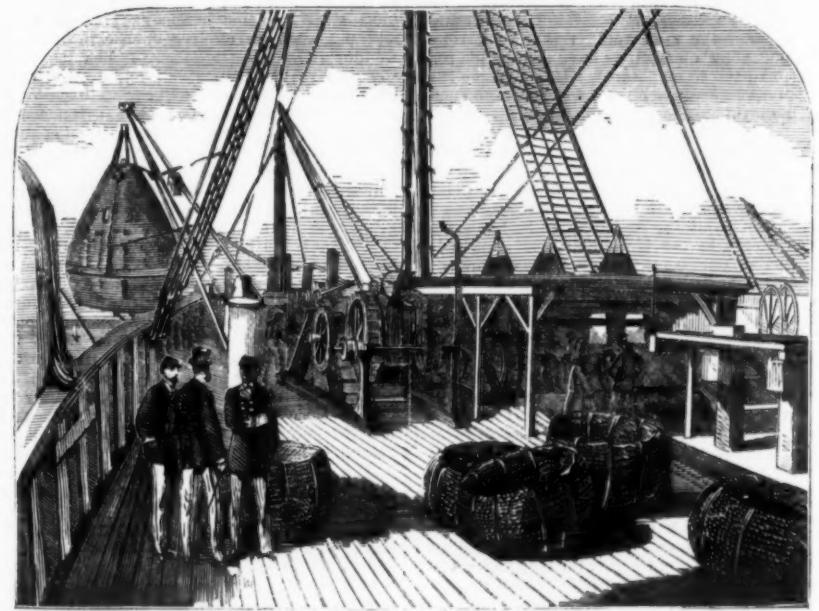
THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE—THE GREAT EASTERN AND CABLE FLEET OFF MINOU, FRANCE.



FETE AT VERSAILLES IN HONOR OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT—THE VICEROY ESCORTING THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.



THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE—THE BLACKSMITH SHOP ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.



THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE.—THE APPARATUS FOR CONDUCTING THE CABLE OVER THE STERN OF THE GREAT EASTERN.



THE SEASON IN BADEN—THE TRINK-HALL.



THE SEASON IN BADEN—THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK HOUR IN FRONT OF THE CONVERSATION HOUSE.



THE MILLIE GAINES JURY—SIX WHITE AND SIX COLORED MEN—THE FIRST MIXED JURY EMpaneled IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. ORVILLE JOHNSON.—SEE PAGE 342.

THE LATE HON. ISAAC TOUCEY.

The Hon. Isaac Toucey, late Secretary of the Navy, died in Hartford, Conn., on Friday, July 30. He was born there in 1798, educated to the law, was State Attorney for his county, a Representative in Congress from 1835 to 1841; Governor of Connecticut in 1846, being chosen by the Legislature.

In 1848 President Polk made him Attorney-General. Subsequently he served in the State Senate, and in 1851 was chosen United States Senator. He supported the Pierce Administration with zeal, and was among the most extreme of old Hunker Democrats. Mr. Buchanan made him Secretary of the Navy in 1857.

The election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency was followed by open demonstrations of the Secessionists, and Mr. Toucey has always rested under the imputation of sympathizing with them.

Since 1861, Mr. Toucey has been in private life, though he has retained the warmest sympathy with the Democratic party.

In private life, Mr. Toucey was a quiet, dignified citizen—not social in his habits; rather distant in his manner, and lacking cordiality and warmth in his general demeanor; and yet he had the reputation of being very liberal in

mut avenue, February 10, 1842. In 1845 the society which was formed bought a lot on the avenue between Canton and Brookline streets, and erected a chapel of wood, 40 by 60, which was dedicated Sabbath evening, July 13, 1845, with a sermon by Rev. J. H. Towne. Rev. George A. Oviatt, of Belchertown, was engaged as agent, and a church was organized November 20, 1845, with fifty members, and Oviatt was made pastor, with Joseph Johnson and Albert Day as deacons. He labored three years, retiring March 26, 1849, having in his ministry received 19 by profession and 52 by letter.

The Shawmut Congregational Society, from the above elements, was organized April 4, 1849, and Rev. Wm. Cowper Foster was installed October 25, 1849, and was dismissed on

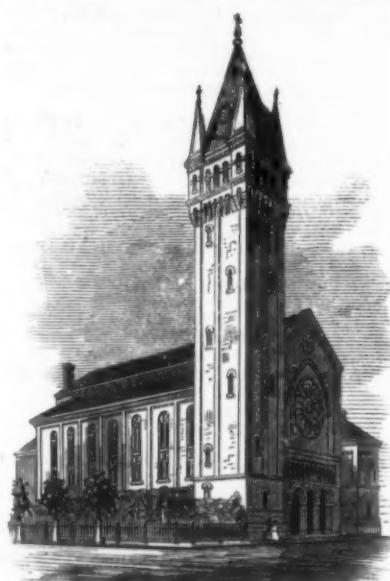
account of ill-health December 30, 1851, having added 16 by letter and 26 by profession. October 8, 1851, he laid the corner-stone of a handsome church edifice on the site of the chapel. The vestry was occupied February 29, 1852, and the building dedicated in November, and is still standing on Shawmut avenue, being occupied now by the Universalists. Rev. Charles Smith, of Andover, was installed December 8, 1853, and dismissed November 8, 1858, 198 persons being added to the church during his ministry.

The present eminently popular and successful pastor, Rev. Edwin B. Webb, was born in Newcastle, Maine, in 1820; he graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of 1846, and was settled over the church in Augusta, Maine, September 11, 1850. June 14, 1860, he was called

by this society unanimously, and was installed as pastor of the Shawmut Congregational Church, October 5, 1860. Very soon it was found that the church was insufficient, the edifice was sold, land bought on the corner of Tremont and Brookline streets, the ground broken February 10, 1863, the corner-stone laid June 17, the house being dedicated February 11, 1864. With the land, the present building cost over \$80,000, but, from the rise in real estate, is probably worth double that sum, and is owned by the society free from debt. There is a large brick parsonage adjoining, on which a few thousands are due, but the rent paid by the pastor covers all charges.

During the less than nine years of his ministry, Doctor Webb has been very successful in the work of his profession, and no less than 384 persons have been added to the society; and this notwithstanding the fact that for a considerable period he was absent in foreign lands, visiting Athens, Turkey, and the Danube, and spending five months of the fall and winter of 1867-8 in Syria, Palestine and Egypt.

The church building is very large and commodious, and one of the best halls in Boston for the speaker. The galleries are supported on light iron pillars, which do not obstruct the view; the organ is behind the pulpit, and opposite the pulpit, over the main gallery, is an immense window of stained glass, which is of

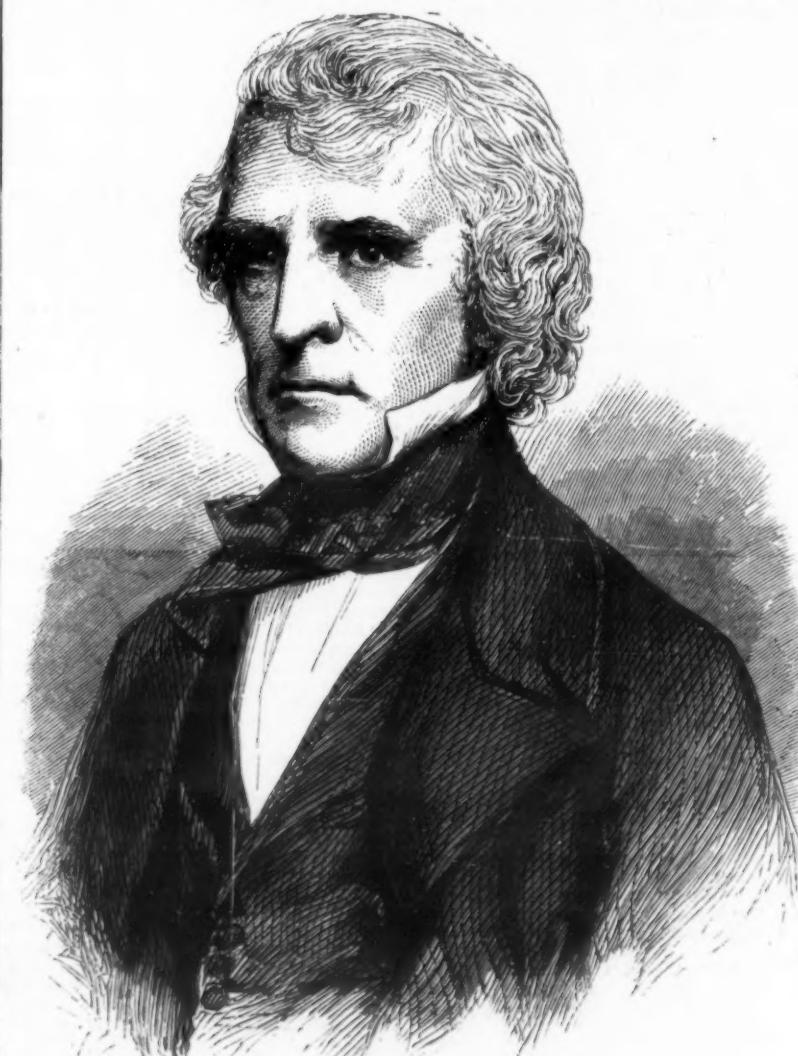


THE SHAWMUT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
BOSTON, MASS.

certain directions, and of dispensing charities to such objects as commended themselves to his benevolence, with a generous hand.

The Shawmut Congregational Church, Boston, Rev. E. B. Webb, Pastor.

This society, now so wealthy, had its origin in the day of small things, when the elegant neighborhood in which it stands was on the outskirts of the city, and a marshy waste. A union of good people established a mission hall on the corner of Canton street, where now is Shaw-



THE LATE HON. ISAAC TOUCEY.



REV. E. B. WEBB, PASTOR OF THE SHAWMUT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

choice workmanship. The side windows are also in colors, and on the ground floor the management of room is exceedingly convenient. The edifice is of brick, of a peculiar but very picturesque style of architecture, and its lofty campanile reminds one forcibly of the continental towns of the middle ages.

The Shawmut Society is very prosperous, has a large Sabbath-school, besides a mission-school, and its presidential committee consists of men who take high rank in mercantile and professional life, viz., Messrs. Joseph H. Gray, Daniel Harwood, James S. Stone, C. A. Putnam, Charles Demond, John Erskine and Frederick Jones.

MEMORIES

THEY come to me oft in the twilight hour;
They steal o'er my heart with bewitching
pow'r;
Above and around me they brightly play,
And carry me far to the past away.

They paint me a picture—some bygone scene,
And I smile to think what my joys have been;
Then sigh to remember that such are o'er,
For childhood's pleasures return no more.

Again at their bidding, before mine eyes,
The forms of beloved ones departed rise,
And my heart grows sad, while the hot tears
flow;

The dearest are always the first to go.

I think of the absent, to me so dear,
And, "thinking," they seem to become more
near.

That love is worthless, deceiver's play,
Which e'er can forget the friends far away.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

A LITTLE figure was rubbing its eyes as it struggled upright upon the seat of a tiny summer-house in a tiny garden in the suburbs of Maidstone. It was spring weather, and sleep overcomes one so in the languid days of May. At least, it was certain slumber had overtaken Rose Maple, and she had slept through the whole time she should have been perfecting herself in her French lesson. For how was she ever to reside in Paris without knowing any more than to say a few set of phrases out of her exercise book?

Rose's French grammar had fallen to the ground during her nap; and she stooped and picked it up, with a long sigh of sleepiness. Then, as her eyes fell on the title-page, where, in a bold text, was inscribed her name, in conjunction with the words, "From Roland," a blush spread over her face, and her slumber was completely dissipated by a rush of happy thoughts. Turning the leaves of the book, to find the place where she was studying, she looked casually at the fourth finger of her left hand, thinking of the engagement-ring where it was bound; but the finger was empty and forlorn—no ruby sparkled there. She uttered a cry of alarm. She remembered seeing the ring almost the last thing before she fell asleep.

She sprang to her feet, and looked about her in a bewildered manner. Even the most strong-minded of us are superstitious about some things; and Rose was so concerning the ring which was the sign of her betrothal to Roland Wallace. The two lovers had consecrated the trinket by special promises when he had put it on her finger.

Trying to console herself with hopes of finding it, she scrambled over every inch of the little place, uplifted every blade of grass and leaf that grew under the seats, then looked on the seats themselves, but she found nothing.

By this time the blonde face was pale, having lost its blushes of memory and surprise, and the clear hazel eyes were clouded.

She stood for a moment reflectively, at the door, trying to persuade herself that she was very silly to feel all at once so despondent. It was but a ring after all. But then, besides the tender bond of which it was a token, it had been Roland's mother's ring—it had been the betrothal sign for two generations in his family—and now it was lost.

"Because my hand was unworthy," thought Rose, with tearful eyes.

A voice from the house called, impatiently: "Rose, Rose! your French master has come."

With a mighty effort, Rose conquered her tears, took her book and went to the house. In the hall she met her cousin Rachel, who looked at her with a surprised glance, and caught her by the sleeve, as she was going by without speaking.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked Rachel, in a soft voice, examining with comprehensive glance the face of Rose. "You look as if you had met with the most disastrous affliction out there in the summer-house. Has some irregular verb completely subdued you? Here, let me take the grammar a minute; I can set you right directly. What word is it?"

Rose retained the grammar with rather too decided a movement. She was indignant that every one should persist in thinking her so childish. She would have passed on without replying, but Rachel stood still before her. Then she said, angrily:

"It has nothing to do with verbs, and I don't want to discuss the subject now. Let me go to monsieur."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Rachel, immediately stepping aside, and speaking with the utmost good humor. "I only wanted to assist you if possible."

Rose went through the next room, thinking it was always so—cousin Rachel always kept her temper, always was polite, and she consequently very often appeared at immense advantage, and it was usually before some one whose opinion she valued. What made Rachel, while she was apparently so kind and obliging always, so often irritate her beyond endurance? It was very strange. According to all appearances, Rose ought to have loved her cousin very much, and been thankful it had happened so that she was an established inmate of the family. Rose had not yet learned the fluent use of the words "antagonistic" and "uncongenial," or she would many times have soothed herself with them.

When she entered the library, where she usually took her lessons, a gentleman rose and came forward, took her hand, pressed it slightly, and looked with undisguised admiration at his pupil, who was not at all conscious of his manner at that moment, though she experienced a diversion from her troubling thoughts. Monsieur looked as all Frenchmen ought to look—and a vast number of those who find their way to

this country fulfill their duty, and present to us just such a face and figure as did Rose's teacher. He was below medium height, slender, swarthy, with heavy dark hair and eyebrows, small eyes, beard à la Napoleon III., mustache waxed elaborately. But all Frenchmen do not possess such insinuating address, such politeness that is devotion itself, such tact, such gentle modulations of voice, all combined with an apparent unobtrusiveness. And then he was in reality a Parisian, and talked good French with a good accent.

A very fitting man, you will say, to be Rose Maple's teacher, while her lover was away. He was, in truth, a perfect jewel for a teacher; if a pupil did not learn rapidly and correctly, it was no fault of his.

Rachel North had once been a pupil of his, and it was she who procured his services in behalf of her cousin; for Rose, as the future wife of Roland Wallace, would be obliged to reside for several years, at least, in Paris, and it behoved her to know something of the language.

"Mademoiselle is not in the mood for her lessons to-day," he said, as she sat down opposite him, in her little low rocking-chair; for she was accustomed to rock furiously, when trying to recall a rebellious conjugation.

"No; I am not in the mood," she said, sadly, his well-modulated tones rather soothing to her. "But we will begin, if you please, though I am sure I am more terribly ignorant to-day than usual, even."

"Because something troubles you," he said, apparently in no hurry at all to begin his task.

It was noticeable, if any one had thought of it, that it required a remarkably long time for his lessons at that house—much longer than it took for the three romping boys who were blessed with his services next door. Monsieur was very winning and sympathizing, and Rose's heart was heavy.

"Yes, I have lost something very valuable—to me—and it's very mysterious about it. I cannot understand it."

Monsieur, thus addressed, instantly looked at her left hand, and exclaimed, in a low voice:

"It is your ring! It is gone! That is, indeed, a loss!"

And monsieur, urged by his profound pity, took the hand in his, held it a moment, contemplating it with a kind of deprecating admiration; and then suddenly he raised it to his lips, and kissed it ardently.

Rose drew it away with a start and a blush, and monsieur exclaimed, in half whisper:

"Oh, pardon me! pardon me! You must have pity on a man tempted by such a beautiful hand. It is your fault, mademoiselle; you should not be so beautiful; or, being so, you should not expect men to be indifferent."

Then he turned hastily, and opened his book, not without a covert glance at the girl, to see how she took his boldness. But, as he rightly conjectured, that boldness was so strongly veiled—so presented as an irresistible impulse, for which he was not accountable—that Rose thought it would be very foolish in her to be angry. So, with burning cheeks, she, also, opened her book, and began hastily and blunderingly to translate. He let her go on, gently correcting the most flagrant mistakes; and when she had done, he read it to her in such a way, that she realized, for the first time, that it was an impassioned love passage from "Corinne," and she blushed still more as she listened.

When monsieur was going down the garden-walk, after his instruction was over, it happened that Rachel was standing beneath the lilac-bush at the gate; and standing so that she could not be seen from the house.

"How do you get on?" she asked, as monsieur paused by her side.

"Charming. I have kissed her hand with fervor to-day, and have gazed at her with my soul in my eyes, as the novels say," was the answer,

"Pshaw! Your soul!" exclaimed Rachel, with a laugh. "That sight must have touched her heart. Shall you win the little simpleton's affections?"

"That is to be seen," he replied, "but the sport bids fair to be really enchanting. She is a divine child!"

"Oh, yes! So all the gentlemen think—including Roland Wallace. But he wouldn't fancy hearing you speak of her in that way."

Rachel ceased speaking, and drew something from her pocket, holding it out to her companion, and saying: "Can you make good use of that?"

"It is the lost ring!" he exclaimed, taking it in his hand, and smiling as he read the words engraved within it, "Faithful for ever." "So you found it? Oh, I see—the plot thickens. That Wallace is a fortunate man in that he is beloved by two such women. What will you have me do now? I am half resolved to-day to take the blonde child for my wife when her lover is alienated."

"The 'blonde child' may be your wife, for all that I care," said Rachel's softly bitter voice; "but I predict that you'll find a vein of real character beneath her pretty ways. She isn't shallow, though she is childish. Win her if you can. Wallace comes back in a month. Keep the ring; let him know you have it as a gift from her before he sees her on his return, then the marriage may not be so near. Both are good enough, and you have wit enough to make this small conspiracy a success."

"And then?" asked monsieur, with his black eyes on her face.

"Then Wallace may return to the fancy he once had for Rachel North," was the low answer, given with a good deal of malice in the tones.

"Thanks," said monsieur. "I now thoroughly understand our game, and I am playing for a wife—unless I change my mind. Adieu, my friend."

And monsieur, having bowed over his companion's hand, walked down the road; while Rachel sauntered slowly back to the house, and

found the whole household were uniting in a grand search for Rose's lost ring, and she kindly joined in the hunt.

Monsieur managed so dexterously, that even in the next three weeks people surmised that it was just possible that Rose Maple was being consoled for the absence of her lover. Rachel, whose scheming brain had resolved upon success, made no scruple in preventing the one letter that Rose sent to Roland, before he started for home, from ever reaching its destination. She sincerely wished monsieur might have the first telling of the ring story to Roland.

Notwithstanding appearances, monsieur knew inwardly that he had made no impression on the heart of Rose; but she liked to be with him—he amused and interested her, and she was thankful for anything that should help get away the time that still remained before Roland would come.

Monsieur could very well bide his time; he felt sure she would turn to him when the crisis came, and Rachel knew the proud temper of Roland too well to expect he would seek an explanation after having listened to the story awaiting him.

Monsieur had business in Dover the day Roland was to arrive; and it was he whom Wallace first saw when he sprang upon the wharf. He had only seen the Frenchman for half an hour, once, in company with Rachel; but he knew he was Rose's teacher, and he greeted him cordially, and accepted his invitation to dine with him.

When monsieur removed his gloves, and poured out a glass of wine in which to celebrate the happy return, Roland's eye was caught by what seemed a familiar sparkle on monsieur's hand. But thinking himself mistaken, he drank his wine, then looked again at the well-shaped fingers.

Yes, there it was—or a fac-simile of the ring which had been one of the first things his baby eyes had seen. He stared hard at it, neglecting his dinner. Meanwhile monsieur was gayly chatting, but Roland heard not a word of what he was saying. At last he exclaimed, excitedly: "I hope you will pardon me, but I must ask where you procured that ring? It is peculiar. I could have sworn there were not two rings of the same pattern in the world."

Monsieur's manner became instantly one of delicate confusion, and Roland's heart grew more and more fiery, his face flushed, his eyes burned. It could not be possible. The glowing hopes with which he had left the steamer were crushed back upon his soul.

"The ring was given me by one very dear to me," said the Frenchman, in a carefully modulated tone. "I have nothing to say on the subject, save that if a lady, young and inexperienced, finds that she has given her troth to a man whom she discovers that she does not really love, it remains for that man, if he is a gentleman, to release her honorably, and stifle his pain as best he may."

It is impossible to describe the sweetness of monsieur's tone—the pity, the deprecation, and yet the firmness of it.

Roland listened as to the voice of doom. Rose had been mistaken; this Frenchman had been her companion during many of the days of his absence, and she had discovered that she had given her troth to the wrong man! "It remains for that man to stifle his pain as best he may." These words rang dully over and over in his brain, which seemed suddenly deadened.

He sat silent for many moments, leaning his head on his hand, trying to recall his mind to him, so that he could think connectedly. At last he looked up and said, "Allow me to take the ring a moment?"

Monsieur took it from his finger, and handed it to him without speaking. Yes, there was no mistaking it—there was the very stone—one or two scratches on the gold he remembered, and the words, "Faithful for ever."

He returned it, saying, in a high voice, "Thank you. Miss Maple showed extremely strange taste in bestowing this upon you. But love may explain everything." He rose from the table. "Excuse me; I wish to catch the next train."

Monsieur felt that he must know if he was going to Rose, though he hardly believed possible, and he said, "For Maidstone?"

"No," was the reply, haughtily; "for my country-seat in Hampshire."

And Roland walked out, very erect, with a very white face and glazed-looking eyes.

"Ah! ah!" muttered the Frenchman, looking after him. "I'll wager my life that he doesn't turn to Rachel for consolation; but what may time do?" with an after-thought concerning Rose.

In a few days he returned to Maidstone, and walked out to the residence of the Maples. He rightly judged that Roland would have written before this time, releasing Rose, and he hoped he might aid in restoring serenity to her mind.

"How is she?" he asked of Rachel, who came first into the parlor.

"She is well, apparently—only fully ten or twelve years older than when you saw her last. There she is; I don't care to be enlivened by her presence. You've done admirably."

And Rachel left the room as Rose entered from the garden.

Monsieur, well poised as he was, could not refrain from starting slightly as he saw how correctly Rachel had spoken. This woman, who greeted him coolly and composedly, had, indeed, the features and figure of Rose Maple, but the features were sharper, the eyes large and cold; the figure had an erectness that suggested almost an aggressive self-reliance.

With amazement, monsieur found that he could not resume his former familiar manner, and on every successive visit he became more and more convinced of that fact. She gave up her French lessons; but he begged the privilege of calling, and it was accorded in the same manner she would have loaned him a book.

He persevered in his acquaintance for a year, and at the end of that time he decided that

Rose Maple wasn't the girl he thought she was, and he dropped her from his friendliness, heartily wishing he had never touched the stolen ring.

Meanwhile, Rachel North had made it convenient for her to spend the greater part of the year in Hampshire, near Roland's abode—for he had suddenly decided to remain at home for a while. She saw him often, but he did not even remember that he had ever fancied the dark and not unattractive face of Rose's cousin. Failing entirely where she hoped for success, Rachel suddenly married a wealthy widower, and blossomed as one of the most fashionable women at the West-end.

Not many months after her marriage, Roland received the following note from monsieur, who finally discovered he had a heart and conscience, though not over-sensitive ones:

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR WALLACE—Pray let me relieve myself from a wicked secret. The ring you gave to Rose Maple was stolen from her—though not by me—and given to me to do as I did with it. Consequently, Mademoiselle Rose knows not, to this day, why you released her. I return the ring, with my blessing."

AS I do not know the precise time which it requires for the trains to reach Maidstone from Roland's abode in Hampshire, I cannot tell how much time passed after the receipt of that letter before the ruby ring was again on Rose's finger, and Rose's weeping face hidden on Roland's shoulder.

THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE.

We have already noticed and illustrated the landing of the French Atlantic Cable at Duxbury, Mass., together with several interesting features of that great triumph of science, skill, and industry.

The large picture in our last number was, however, more a general view of Duxbury than a representation of the details of the landing. We now show the immediate scene of action, bringing into the foreground the sailors and others who assisted in bringing the cable ashore, and the crowds of eager spectators, while in the middle distance the guns of the Chiltern and Scandarea are thundering acknowledgment of the completion of the enterprise.

Another engraving shows the telegraph house erected on the Hummock, with Duxbury in the distance. The Hummock is five miles northwest from the Gurnet light, and one and two-thirds miles from the old bank building that has been transformed into the telegraph station at Duxbury.

Duxbury beach is the northern arm of Plymouth harbor, and laying off this beach are two rocky shoals, called High Pine ledge and Howland's ledge. These serve as still further warnings of the coast. Between these ledges, which are about three miles apart, is soft, smooth, sandy ground, without rocks or shingle. And here was selected the proposed landing-place. The slope of the bottom, from the beach to the mud-bed of the bay, is an even and regular decline; the course to sea almost due east, passing between the "Race Point" of Cape Cod and "Stellwagen's Bank," and clearing the "George's Bank," still further out, making a straight course, almost in the direct alignment of the cable's track. As if nature had intended this for a station point, the little mound of "Ronse's Hummock" rears its head above the level of the long, low beach, directly in this line, so conspicuously that the town of Duxbury had purchased the Hummock in order to preserve it as a local landmark.

One of our pictures is a view of Duxbury beach at sunrise, with a party at work burying the shore end of the cable on the morning of July 24th. We give also a view of Plymouth town and harbor, as seen from Captain's Hill. Plymouth is the oldest town in New England, being the first settled by the Pilgrims, who landed on "Forefathers' Rock," disembarking from the Mayflower on December 22d, 1620.

On our front page we show the godly company assembled in the vast tent on Abram's Hill, on July 27th, to celebrate the completion of the giant enterprise. Beneath this tent the convivial tables were spread, and some four hundred persons were present at the dinner, which was the chief feature of the celebration.

Sir James Anderson, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Brown were present as the representatives of the French Telegraph Company, and President Braistow, of the State Senate, and Mayor Shurtleff, of Boston, were among the others of note, who took part in the festivities.

There was a battery down from Boston to fire the salutes, and a crowd

nesses were examined on this point. The result was that the jury, on the rendition of Judge Fisher's charge, retired, and after an absence of two or three minutes, returned and rendered a verdict of acquittal. The peculiarity of this case lies in the fact that it was the first murder trial in the District of Columbia in which the jury was composed of representatives of the two races—six of the jurors being white and six colored. Their names, in the order of position in our engraving, are James Edwards, bailiff; William Dixon, foreman; Charles Humphries, David Fisher, Henry Larman, John A. Gray, J. H. Clark, M. M. Wheelock, Rev. James D. Reed, Herbert Harris, Patrick Boland, Robert J. Nicholson, Leonard C. Bailey, Augustus M. Sprague, bailiff.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The Attack on General Jordan's Camp at Nipe, Cuba.

We have already given the details of the landing of General Jordan's expedition in Cuba, and the disembarkation in the bay of Nipe. From a French illustrated paper we take an engraving purporting to represent the attack upon the camp of the expeditionists, immediately after their disembarkation, by a detachment of Spanish chasseurs, under command of Captain Mogo. It will be remembered from accounts already published that the Spaniards were repulsed on that occasion, and Jordan safely effected a junction with the revolutionary army.

The French Atlantic Cable.

The exigencies of the immersion of the French Atlantic Cable, involving accidents to the line and the machinery, required the establishment of a blacksmith's shop, in complete working order, on board the Great Eastern. From a French illustrated newspaper we take an engraving showing the nautical Cyclops at work, and another representing the apparatus for conducting the cable over the stern of the mammoth ship to its home at the bottom of the sea. We give also a view of the Great Eastern at anchor beside the buoy attached to the shore end of the cable in the bay of Minon, near Brest; in the same picture are seen the other ships of the expedition, viz.: The Hawk, the Souffleur, the Belle-Ile, the Flambeau, and the Chilte.

The Season at Baden.

At the present season of the year the tide of pleasure and dissipation at Baden is at its flood. From all parts of the world the representatives of wealth and fashion assemble there. Festivity, excitement, and display reign supreme. Excursions seem to leave no hour for repose. We give two engravings illustrating scenes at this celebrated watering-place.

The Fair of Landit, St. Denis, France.

This fair, one of the most ancient of France, was established by Charlemagne, and has been in existence more than a thousand years. It was formerly held between the village of Chappelle and the bourg of St. Denis, at a place called the field of Landit. In 1444 it was transferred to St. Denis, and is now almost exclusively devoted to the sale of sheep.

The Viceroy of Egypt in France.

On the 8th of July a grand double entertainment was given at Versailles and at St. Cloud, in honor of the Viceroy of Egypt. Our engraving represents the Empress Eugenie conducting her illustrious guest, after lunch, down the grand staircase of the palace at Versailles.

The President at Long Branch—Ball at the Stetson House, July 26th.

A GRAND ball was given at the Stetson House, Long Branch, on Monday evening, July 26th, in honor of President Grant, and the most distinguished company ever gathered at the Branch welcomed the President to the ball-room, to the music of "Hall to the Chief." The room was elegantly festooned with the national ensign; beauty and fashion filled everywhere, and diamonds and precious stones flashed on every side. At midnight the grand march announced supper, and the scenes in the banquet-room rivaled those on the dancing-floor in magnificence. The President, who had remained in the ball-room all the evening, led the company in the march, followed by Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and Comstock, ex-Secretary Bore, and other invited guests.

FATAL FIREWORK ACCIDENT.

An appalling catastrophe occurred in Printing-House Square, New York city, on Wednesday evening, July 28th, by which three persons were fatally and four others severely injured. The accident was occasioned by the explosion of a large quantity of skyrockets and Roman candles, which were being conveyed in an open wagon, together with six men of the "Jerry Murphy" Chowder Club of the Fourth Ward, who were just returning from a picnic at Bayonne, New Jersey. As the party were passing Franklin street, one of them lighted a match for the purpose of setting off a Roman candle, and by some means set the whole box in a blaze.

He then dropped the matches among the fireworks in the bottom of the wagon, but subsequently picked them up and threw them into the street. A few of the matches escaped his notice, and these were the cause of the explosion. The horses attached to the wagon started off wildly toward Tryon Row, hurling the driver from the vehicle.

As soon as they could get on their feet, the poor victims rushed shrieking in all directions, until they fell or were caught. A crowd of men and women, who had gathered as if by magic, broke and fled into the open doors of the adjacent buildings, and the burning wretches rushed down toward them. A boy, fourteen years of age, named Michael Mulcahy, a sheet of flame and sparks, drove the crowd in a panic before him until he reached the front of French's Hotel, when he stopped bewildered, and gave utterance to shriek after shriek.

Several men now jumped forward and tore the cinders of his clothes from the roasted flesh. Nothing but a mass of sparks and about two inches of the bottom of his pantaloons remained intact from a whole suit of clothes of a moment before. He was black and raw from head to foot, his hair all off, and the blood copiously flowed from his wounds. He was thrown down stark naked on a rug which lay outside of the hotel, and was carried over to the City Hall Police Station, when he was transferred to the New York Hospital. Six other persons, including the President of the Association, were badly burned, and few of them, it is thought, will survive their injuries.

Commencement Day at Dartmouth College.

COMMENCEMENT DAY proper at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., was celebrated on Thursday, July 22, and the exercises passed off with more than the usual *éclat*, the centennial celebration of the college having attracted thither a very large number of the alumni and other friends of the institution. The exercises took place in the mammoth Boston tent, which was set up in the common in front of the college, and consisted of orations, dissertations and disputations, in which twenty members of the graduating class took part, and one poem, the whole agreeably interspersed with choice music by the band. At the close of the exercises of the graduating class, which this year numbered fifty-four, exclusive of the scientific department, which graduated ten more, a party of nearly one thousand sat down to the alumni dinner. The company again returned to the tent after the repast, when the after-dinner speeches were made. Chief Justice Chase, as President of the alumni, occupied the chair, and felicitous remarks were made by General Sherman, who had participated in all the exercises, Governor Stearns, Hon. Harvey Jewell, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and other gentlemen.

On Wednesday, July 21, occurred the most interesting exercises of the week, that day having been set apart for the centennial celebration of the college. Prof. Asa D. Smith, the popular President of the institution, delivered an address of welcome, after which the Rev. Samuel G. Brown, formerly Professor of Dartmouth, and now President of Hamilton College, New York, gave an intensely interesting sketch of the college. In the afternoon speeches were made by distinguished graduates, to whom special topics had been assigned. From President Brown's paper we learn that Dartmouth College grew out of a school established by the Rev. Dr. Eleazar Wheelock, in Lebanon, Conn., designed for the education of Indian children. Samson Occom, a young Mohegan Indian, who subsequently became a noted preacher, interested himself deeply in the undertaking, and went as far as to propose to the Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker a trip to England for the purpose of collecting funds. These persons started on their tour, and were highly successful in the mission, receiving donations amounting to £10,000. The little school was so greatly patronized by the native tribes that Dr. Wheelock determined to transfer it to a more convenient place, and as soon as his intentions were known many professed situations were extended to him, from among which he selected the town of Hanover, N. H., and grants of 44,000 acres of land were made. The institution received its charter from Governor Wentworth in 1769, and was named Dartmouth College, in honor of Lord Dartmouth, who had contributed largely for the success of the enterprise.

In 1771 the first class of four students was graduated. President Wheelock retained his office till his death in 1779, and was succeeded by his son, John Wheelock. The hut made of logs, eighteen feet square, which comprised the whole accommodations of the college a century ago, has expanded in seven large and commodious brick or frame buildings, well supplied with chemical, philosophical, and astronomical apparatus, libraries, cabinets, pictures, and all the other appliances of a modern liberal education. Among the 5,000 or more graduates of the college since its foundation may be found many of the most eminent men the country has produced. The names of Daniel Webster, who graduated in 1801; Rufus Choate, class of 1809; Levi Woodbury, class of 1809; Amos Kendall, class of 1811; the late President James Marsh, class of 1817; George P. Marsh, our Minister to Italy, class of 1820; the late Prof. George Bush, class of 1818; Prof. George Ticknor, class of 1807; Chief Justice Chase, class of 1828; Richard B. Kimball, the author, class of 1834; Thaddeus Stevens, class of 1814, and many others of greater or less note in the different professions and walks of life might be mentioned among the distinguished alumni of Dartmouth. The number of students at present in the college is about 400, of whom 250 belong to the regular academic department, and entered for the full college course, sixty to the scientific department, and the balance to the medical.

WHY PIO NONO BECAME A PRIEST.

It is not generally known, I believe, that Pope Pius the Ninth was in his youth prevented from entering the guard of honor of the Viceroy of Italy in consequence of his being subject to attacks of epilepsy. He came from Singapura to Rome, and entered the priesthood in 1814, being then in his twenty-seventh year. The infirmity to which we were subject was as great a bar to his advancement in this profession as in the military, and it is said that his admission was granted by Pius the Seventh only on the condition that, when he celebrated the mass, he should be assisted by another priest. He officiated for the first time in the church attached to the orphanage in which he had for some time instructed the children, on Whit-Sunday, in the year 1819. The attacks of epilepsy to which he had been subject became less and less frequent, and four years after entering the priesthood, he was appointed by the Pope attaché to an ecclesiastical and political mission sent to South America. On his return from this mission to Rome, he was appointed Archibishop of Spoleto, by Pope Leo the Twelfth, and was consecrated in 1827. It is considered doubtful whether his real age is seventy-seven or seventy-nine, the register in which the date of his birth was entered having been destroyed during the revoit. Though for several years preceding the last three or four it was repeated almost daily in letters from Rome that he was suffering from some complaint or other which could not fail to kill him, it was affirmed by those who had good opportunity of judging of the matter that, both physically and mentally, he was as sound as a man could wish to be. He has not attained what are known in Rome as "Peter's years," that is to say, he has not occupied the Papal throne twenty-five years, two months and a week, as the tradition runs that Saint Peter did. Nevertheless, he comes nearer that limit than any other Pope who has ever reigned, for though many kings have ruled during more than a quarter of a century, no Pope ever has, unless we accept the Peter tradition. The nearest to the period before Pius the Ninth was Pius the Seventh, who died fifteen weeks and two days before the charmed day arrived.

IN THE FIRST AND THIRD PERSONS.

This other day in one of the Paris restaurants, a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles. One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as, "Monsieur X. has the honor to inform —" and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were more ceremonious, more polite.

"That's a good idea!" replied Monsieur A. "The

foundation of all politeness, in letter-writing, is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these off-colored notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. About the middle of May, I received from my friend D., the Chief of Division, a *billet-doux*, which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows:

"Monsieur D., Chief of Division at the War Office, hastens to inform his friend, Monsieur A., that he has just been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A. "I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver's, and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my card. 'Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a jeweler's, and bought a cross of the purest gold. I ran to a silk mercer's, and bought a piece of the richest red *moire* ribbon for the button-hole. I ran to the houses of all my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last, I ran to my friend D.'s; as soon as I caught sight of him, I threw myself into his arms. 'Ah, my dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'you have no idea what pleasure you have given. How shall I ever thank you sufficiently?'

"You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A., to sympathize thus with my happiness."

"Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours."

"How is that? Have you received the Order?"

"No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made the Chevalier."

"Yes?"

"You deserve the honor more than I do; but, nevertheless, it has been conferred on me."

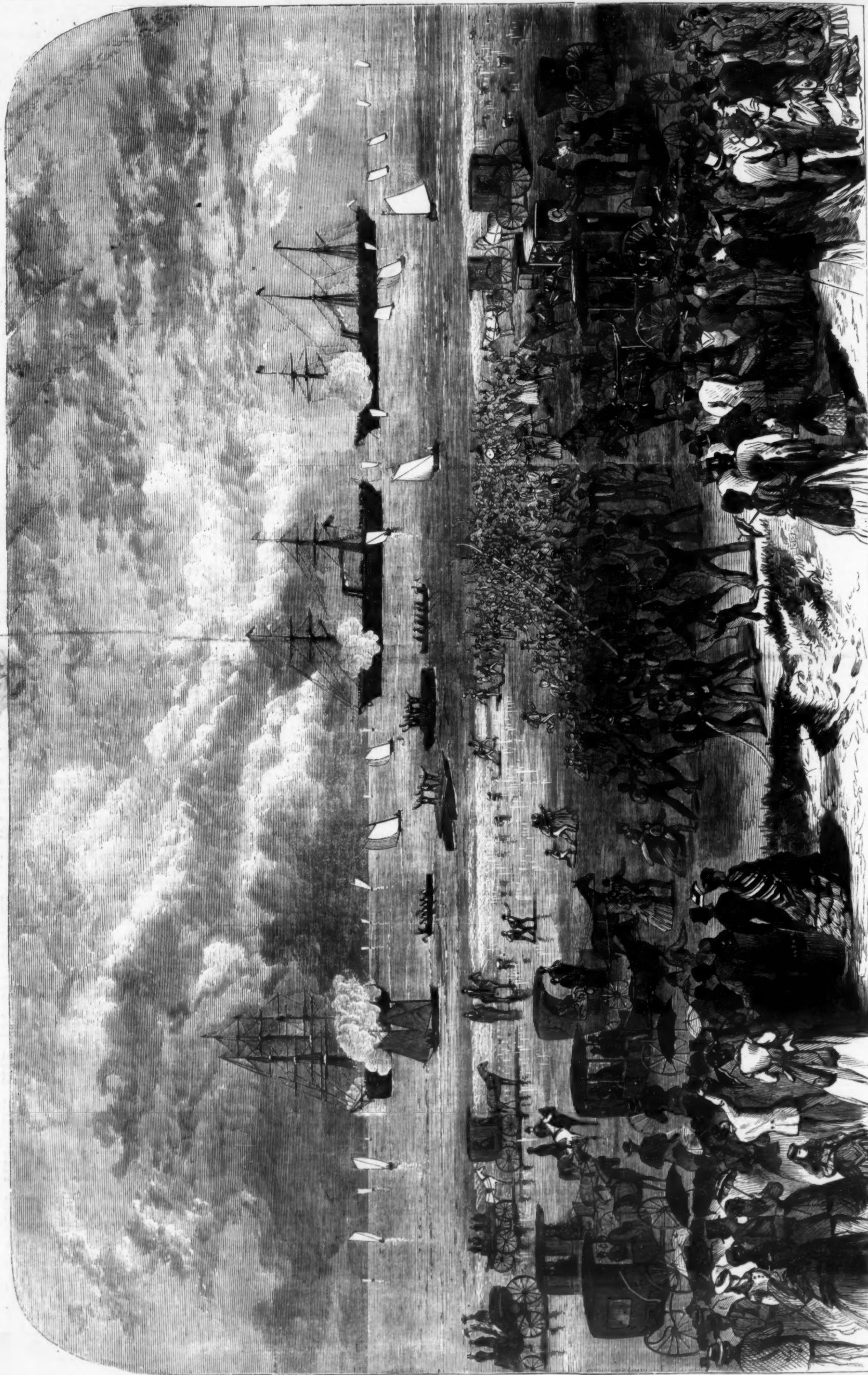
"But you wrote me word that I had received the cross."

"I took his letter out of my pocket, and showed it him. 'Ains! I now understand clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase, 'The duc de tace you and your note?'" I said to D. "Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly, 'My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I am now *decore* Chevalier'?"

"I left him in a rage: I will never speak to him again as long as I live. Don't talk to me of your polite notes written in the third person."

GLASS ENGRAVING IN BOHEMIA.—The beautiful glass manufacture of Bohemia engages a large share of the industry of its people. Families alternate the grinding and polishing process with field labor, and the author states that though the operations were not new to him, there was novelty in seeing them carried on in such a homely way, and meeting with elegant vases, dishes, goblets, and jugs, fit ornaments for a palace, in the hands of the rustics, or lying about on a rough pine shelf. In Bohemia, the polisher holds his glass against the bottom of the wheel. The process of glass-engraving is thus described: "On being told that I had come to see glass-engraving, the young man piled his wheel briskly, and taking up a ruby tazza, in a few moments there stood a deer with branching antlers on a rough hillock in its centre—a pure white intaglio set in the red. I had never before seen the process, and was surprised by its simplicity. All these landscapes, hunting scenes, pastoral groups, and whatever else which appear as exquisite carvings in the glass, are produced by a few tiny copper wheels or disks. The engraver sits at a small table against a window, with a little rack before him, containing about a score of the copper disks, varying in size from the diameter of a halfpenny down to its thickness, all mounted on spindles, and sharpened on the edge. He paints a rough outline of the design on the surface of the glass, and selecting the disk that suits best, he touches the edge with a drop of oil, inserts it in the mandrel, sets it spinning, and holding the glass against it from below, the little wheel eats its way in with astonishing rapidity. The glass, held lightly in the hands, is shifted about continually till all the greater parts of the figure are worked out. Then for the lesser parts a smaller disk is used, and at last the finest touches, such as blades of grass, the tips of antlers, eyebrows, and so forth, are put with the smallest. Every minute he holds the glass up between his eye and the light, watching the development of the design, now making a broad excavation, now changing the disk, every ten seconds, and giving touches so slight and rapid that the unpracticed eye can scarcely follow them; and in this way he produces effects of foreshortening, of roundness, and light and shade, which to an eye-witness appear little less than wonderful."

THE "SOULS" OF BRUTES.—Butler, in his analogy, arguing on the immortality of the human soul from its evident independence of the changes which pass on the physical organization with which it is connected, thus meets an objection which has often been urged: "But it is said, these observations are equally applicable to brutes; and it is thought an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal, and by consequence, capable of everlasting happiness. Now, this manner of expression is both invidious and weak; but the thing intended is not difficulty at all, either in the way of natural or moral consideration. For first, suppose the invidious thing designed in such a manner of expression were really implied, as it is not in the least, in the natural immortality of brutes, namely, that they must arrive at great attainments, and become rational and moral agents, even this would be no difficulty, since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endowed with. There was once, prior to experience, as great presumption against human creatures as there is against the brute creatures arriving at that degree of understanding which we have in mature age; for we can trace up our own existence to the same original as theirs. And we find it to be a law of nature, that creatures endowed with capacities of virtue and religion should be placed in a condition of being in which they are altogether without the use of them for a considerable length of their duration, as in infancy and childhood. And great part of the human species go out of the present world before they come to the exercise of these capacities in any degree at all. But then, secondly, the natural immortality of brutes does not in the least imply that they are endowed with any capacities of a rational or moral nature. And the economy of the universe might require that there should be living creatures without any capacities of this kind. 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THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE—THE LANDING OF THE SHORE END ON THE BEACH NEAR DUXBURY, MASS., JULY 23rd—THE SALUTE BY THE CABLE FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 342.



THE CABLE HOUSE AT THE HUMMOCK, DUXBURY, MASS.—LOOKING TOWARD THE TOWN.



BURYING THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE ON THE BEACH NEAR THE HUMMOCK, ON THE MORNING OF JULY 24.



VIEW OF PLYMOUTH TOWN AND HARBOR, MASS.

FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE VIEWS—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 342.

LIFE AND LOVE.

LIFE is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis love that holds the golden key ;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storms of sorrow,
And bloom to-day may be blight to-morrow ;
Then reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life is a diamond rich and rare,
But Love is the lustre that danceth there,
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamond to-day may be dust to-morrow ;
Then, reckless ever of wind or weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life has a sweet and a sunshine face,
But Love is the dimple that gives it grace,
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's brightest beams are quenched in sorrow,
And blust to-day may be blanched to-morrow ;
Then, reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

WAS SHE MARRIED?—YES.
WHEN?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAS IT A GHOST?"

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVING those two eminent citizens to arrange their little matters to suit themselves, let us return to the encampment, and follow for awhile the fortunes of Frank Davis.

No idle spectator generally was this individual of anything that occurred in his vicinity, and on this morning he was particularly alert to every circumstance that transpired ; and no sooner had he discovered who Mr. Atwood's visitor was, than he bent all his woodcraft and desertcraft to fathom the object of his visit. Cut off from listening, he placed himself in such a position that he could observe everything, and being anxious to observe, the consequence was that really nothing did escape him. Prompt to act was the hunter of the wilderness, and when he saw the look that Brownlough directed to the wagon that contained Mrs. Atwood and Mary, he jumped to a conclusion that filled him with unwonted apprehension. Brave Frank Davis had not looked upon the gentle Mary without experiencing just such a sensation as he had a perfect right to feel. He was young, hardy, good-looking, and free, and Mary was gentle, true and handsome and free, as well as he. The daily attendance upon them during the journey, wearisome and long as it had been, from Fort Kearny, had exposed poor Frank to sweet Mary's winning ways, and many a time by day and night he wished from the bottom of his heart he had her for a wife. And what thought Mary of our hunter? She did not think him a knight from Palestine, as she had Mr. Harrison, but she did think him the best-hearted, best-tempered, best-faced squire that ever followed a hero to tournament or battle-field. And Davis had another reason why he did not like any one to look so wistfully and hopefully at that wagon. He was the appointed guardian of the lady who sat within, and whom Mary loved so well, and so did he, in all reverence. Pondering many notions in his head, our hunter did not forget the injunction of his mysterious friend, to manage it so that, if Brownlough came into camp, he should see the spot where they had held their confab on the previous night, and glad was he to see Mr. Atwood and the Mormon shape their steps toward that locality ; but it was necessary that Davis should know the effect upon the Mormon of such a visitation. How that was to be managed without exciting the suspicion that he was suspicious, was a matter that bothered him not a little ; and yet, he did not give up the chance of witnessing the result, whatever it might be—and some remarkable result, he felt convinced, would happen.

To accomplish his object, he made a circuit of some extent, by which he reached that clump of trees where he had cracked the beef bones by his friend's order, and there ensconcing himself with much of natural expertise, and more of woodcraft cunning, he awaited their arrival, not altogether sure, however, that they would stroll that far. It will be remembered that the clump of trees was so near the fallen log, that the "colonel," as Davis called him, could hear the splintering blow given by Davis in the midst of its recesses.

Luckily was it for Davis and his scheme that Atwood and his companion stood so long in conversation upon the spot where the latter had placed his hand upon Atwood's shoulder ; and equally fortunate was it that Brownlough, looking toward the encampment, and suspecting scrutiny, a thing he dreaded under all circumstances, proceeded to change their position and get further off from observation. Davis had not been secreted many minutes before he saw from his screen of boughs and thick underbrush the approach he so much desired. Gradually their voices became more distinct, and he could hear the Mormon speaking in a species of narrative.

"It may be some charm for what I know ; but I tell you I have followed it a dozen times, and always with the same result. In these wild places, the devil or some spirit allows things, or makes things happen, that never happen anywhere else. There are sounds at night that no one can account for, and visions of whole troops of Indian warriors passing through the air. I have seen that myself, and counted them as they went by on their wild horses, and I could not be mistaken. The old trappers and hunters all over the country tell of marvels and

sights, and yells and groans and screams, that break right by their camp-fires when they are all awake and talking, and of hot breaths blowing on them when they sit in the summer nights without fire on the prairie ; and what I have told you may be one of these very things that the demons get up, for I have tracked it for miles through the sand and through the frost, and suddenly it has stopped stock-still, as it were, and what do you think I would see then? Why, tracks of something else, or it may be the same, but the feet are beaten into the earth, as if some great weight was upon them, and the marks are sometimes twisted out and in ; and after I followed that for a mile, or sometimes five miles, that, too, had stopped, and when we would halt to examine the trail, what next do you think would appear? Why, for twenty or thirty yards or more, nothing in the sand but the marks of a pair of human hands, with the fingers turned out to the right and left, and every now and then a hole made in the ground by a single claw, as if the thing had a man's two hands and a sharp hoof ; and all at once these signs would stop, and we would find nothing of the marks, but exactly where they stopped the ground would be as smooth as if nothing had gone over it, and after that we would lose the tracks altogether. Now, what can you make of it?"

"And you can't overtake it, Brownlough?"

"Why, that's been asked me by the hunters before, and I tell them just what I tell you. They won't help me to hunt it."

"It certainly is a very strange story, and it makes my blood run cold to hear you tell it. I wonder, really now, if there is such a thing as enchantment, or is it the spirit of some man who has been foully dealt with, that takes these shapes and makes these signs to entice us to the spot where he was killed, for some black purpose, say, for instance, for exposure?"

"Some murdered man, Atwood! What in fury are you talking about?"

Atwood dared not look into the face of his companion, but Frank Davis saw the face and heard the question, and he drew his own conclusions from them both. But didn't Davis chuckle at the Mormon's story, and say to himself: "You fool, you villain, don't all the hunters know you, and won't help you or your infernal crew! Haven't I given them an idea of what you are after, and ain't hunters better than freemasons when they're another hunter to help that has always helped them? And to keep a secret too, they ain't bad, old Stick-in-the-Mud ; but come closer up, gentlemen; I want to hear you talk a little more. Walk up to the captain's office and pay your fare through to the State Prison, and no mistake. Walk up quick, and let's have your tongues wag just a drop more—that's good fellows. Ay, old Atwood, you're a sweet duck to be keeping company and cheek-by-jowling with that ugly sinner alongside of you ; but you're a precious couple of scoundrels, anyhow. My hands begin to itch for a grab at you both. Thank you, gents, for that motion ; you're coming up to the bull ring, where the bull's bones are. How do you like 'em?"

They had by this time reached the fallen tree, and it was some moments before they perceived anything unusual about the place, so deeply were they engaged, and it was Atwood who interrupted Brownlough in a description he was giving him of his last hunt after the mysterious game, by exclaiming suddenly :

"Why, there's been a muss here last night" and he directed the Mormon's attention to the scattered fragments of a feast that strewed the place. No sooner had Brownlough examined the bones and the footprints that were mingled confusedly around in the snow, than he seized Atwood by the hand, and in a voice quivering with emotion, and a face distorted by the wild excitement or terror, said :

"That's it, as sure as there is a sun in heaven!" and he bent low, dragging Atwood with him, so that he might lay his hand upon the sign. "It's the same ; and look where he laid down alongside the log, and there's where he got up, and yonder's his track through the snow, leading to the rocks. Don't move an inch, Atwood—you don't know anything about this thing, devil or beast, or what not ; and I tell you there is a spell about somewhere, upon somebody ; but if it's alive and a natural thing, I will have it yet, and if it's not, why, it will—"

"Have you," filled up Atwood, in a quiet tone, that caused his companion to turn with quick anger upon him, but there was nothing in Atwood's face to indicate intentional mischief, only a slight touch of pleasant humor. Brownlough's thoughts were soon directed in another channel.

"It has been here within the last two hours, and can't be far away. Come, let us go back to camp, and I will hurry on my men upon this fresh trail, and this time we'll see whether the devil's to be head man on the plains or I!" and the excited Mormon and the interested Atwood retraced their steps. They had just reached the tent where they had breakfasted, and were upon the point of entering, when a voice rang clear and high upon the frosty air :

"I am here!"

Those who saw the Mormon's face at that moment, remembered long afterward the wild spasm that smote it into a very mask of terror, and he gazed with a ghastly look at those about him, apparently in hopes that they would explain the meaning of that cry, or confess that some one among them had uttered it for sport. But no one attempted to afford him comfort, and though not frightened, they were as much mystified as he was, for they all had heard it.

CHAPTER VI.

ENTERING the tent in company with Atwood, Brownlough seized a camp-stool and seated himself. Two or three men belonging to Atwood's party were engaged, some with their team harness, and others cleaning out rifle bar-

rels, oiling locks, and giving a general supervision of the ammunition department. They took very little notice of the Mormon's entrance.

Besides these camp attachés, the four companions of Brownlough were in the tent, but these men neither looked at Atwood or their chief. They sat huddled together near the cooking-stove, and were drying their boots and smoking detestable cigars. The Mormon was silent for several minutes, but to all appearance he was listening. That wild cry still rang in his ears—where was it? Who was it? But more than all, what was it? He tried to banish many thoughts from his mind that he had done in the dark paths he had been treading for so many years. It was not conscience that invoked the past, it was terror of the present and the live future.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and, as if he had lost the knowledge of any one being present, exclaimed :

"By —— ! I will not stand it. Here, one of you men ; Richard, you'll do."

A young man taller than Brownlough himself obeyed the summons. Tall was he, and of strength, judging from his huge chest and broad shoulders, that could well enable him to hold his own with any of the roving bullies of the plains. His face was strongly marked with traces of the smallpox.

"And you can't overtake it, Brownlough?"

"Why, that's been asked me by the hunters before, and I tell them just what I tell you. They won't help me to hunt it."

"It certainly is a very strange story, and it makes my blood run cold to hear you tell it. I wonder, really now, if there is such a thing as enchantment, or is it the spirit of some man who has been foully dealt with, that takes these shapes and makes these signs to entice us to the spot where he was killed, for some black purpose, say, for instance, for exposure?"

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"Why, that's been asked me by the hunters before, and I tell them just what I tell you. They won't help me to hunt it."

"It certainly is a very strange story, and it makes my blood run cold to hear you tell it. I wonder, really now, if there is such a thing as enchantment, or is it the spirit of some man who has been foully dealt with

pulsive task ; and just in time : for the patience of Abbas was well-nigh exhausted, and the evil gleam began to shine in his dull eye. He roughly questioned the old woman as to what she was saying to the Ingleez—which she explained in her own way—and as he saw Edith assume a more friendly manner, credited the explanation. He laid the sparkling parure upon the window-ledge and drew nearer the girl's side—though not offering to take her hand, nor to touch her—and, through the interpreter, talked to her in that strain an Eastern man thinks most likely to please a woman.

He paid her florid compliments, full of hyperbole ; compared her complexion, eyes and figure with all animate and inanimate objects, proffering unbounded affection and untold wealth and luxury, if she would but smile upon him and return his passion.

To all these the Frenchwoman answered for Edith in vague terms : not actually repulsing him, but urging the necessity of longer time and more intimate acquaintance. This plan, adroitly as it was managed, seemed only to have encouraged the brutal nature and gross instincts of the Viceroy ; and the Frenchwoman saw with terror she had finessed too much, when, after an hour of this weary talk, Abbas rose from the seat he had taken, and, instead of offering to go, motioned her to withdraw, and leave him alone with his captive.

For a second the woman seemed to hesitate ; but reflecting on the impossibility of resistance, she withdrew, casting on Edith a look full of meaning, and touching significantly the handle of the dagger hidden in her bosom. The gesture was unseen by Abbas, who looked not at her, but gloated upon the charms of his destined victim.

The momentary hope inspired in the breast of Edith by this gesture, and the wild idea that the woman might slay Abbas where he stood—suggested by her desperation—died away when the woman passed out, closing the door noiselessly, and dropping the curtain before it inside. But neither Edith nor Abbas observed that she softly reopened it, and stooped down behind the curtain, peering eagerly through into the room, fierce resolve written on every line of her haggard face, and a long keen dagger bare in her hand—a crouching tigress ready for the spring !

"If it comes to the worst," the woman muttered, "this shall cut it short ! Who can tell but the stars have assigned this expiation to me ?"

And so, wan, worn, terrible, with glittering eyes, like a wild beast at bay, she watched and waited there ; more dangerous than any beast of prey—than any desperate man—in the recklessness of roused feminine ferocity !

Abbas—undreaming of danger and possible death lurking so close behind him—uttered a grunt of satisfaction as she left the room, and approached the terrified girl, who seemed to shrink within herself, as his loathed form drew near her, as she still leant against the window.

Unable to converse with her, he took up the case of jewels, and selecting thence the coronet of pearls, essayed to place it on her brow. Half stupefied with terror, the girl made no resistance to this overture, but shrinkingly submitted to it, her pallid face and wild agonized eyes offering a fearful contrast to the sparkling gems that blazed and scintillated on her brow.

Emboldened by his success—or mistaking the terrified submission of his captive for pleased acquiescence—Abbas next placed the necklace around her neck. In doing so, whether by intention or by chance she could not tell, his clammy hand touched her bosom.

But that touch roused to indignation and horror the terror that hitherto had paralyzed the faculties of the insulted wife. The hot blood surged through her veins ; her courage rose to desperation, and, raising her arm, she repulsed the officious and revolting admirer with such force, that he reeled several steps away, and would have fallen, had he not staggered against a divan. Here he supported himself, gasping for breath through mingled astonishment, rage, and baser passions still.

But the violence done him seemed to have roused the wild beast within him, sometimes dormant but ever ready to awaken ; for with a hoarse cry, and with an unmistakable expression on his sensual face, he sprang forward to seize the helpless form of the frail woman in his strong arms.

And then the seconds of Abbas Pasha's life were well-nigh numbered ! For, at that cry and movement, there glared from behind the curtain a face more fiendish and more fell than ever woman's was before—a face like those that Greek and Roman painters feigned for the Furies—full of eager hate, and hot thirst for blood.

In the long, lean, sinewy right hand this terrible shape, like avenging Fate, held—not the fabled snaky scourge of Tisiphone—but a keen, gleaming dagger. And, as Abbas rushed forward, it rose to its feet, ready to bound upon him !

The next moment, it sunk back and slunk away into concealment ; for Abbas recoiled more suddenly than he had advanced, and—with craven terror in every feature of his vile countenance—cast a hurried backward glance at the door-way, as though meditating flight.

Gathering courage from despair, and with womanly modesty exasperated into recklessness, the American girl had drawn up her figure to its full height, her bright blue eye flashing the fire of outraged womanhood, and had thrust her hand into her bosom. Then, as Abbas rushed to seize her, as the vulture swoops upon its prey, in the uplifted right hand of the maiden he saw gleaming a dagger, apparently menacing his own precious life !

Dastard as he was sensual—craven as he was cruel, the seducer fell back, not knowing—from the wild cry with which she accompanied her act—that in utter desolation, preferring death to dishonor, the blow she meditated was for herself—not him.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner !" was that

cry. "Better this than worse, O Askaros ! my husband ! for whom is my latest prayer—my last thought—my parting breath !"

But she arrested her upraised hand, as she saw the baffled ravisher recoil, and stand irresolute in the attitude of a beaten hound, shame and cowardice struggling on his face—no resolve left on his brow—no courage in his eye—but, like all the meaner animals in peril, meditating flight.

The fierce eyes that watched him from behind the curtain saw this too ; and as a grim smile convulsed the firmly set lips, slowly stole back the dagger to its sheath, and the wild figure crept outside the door, as though all peril were past, and, like the hunting-tiger of India, the human beast within, baffled in his first spring, would try no second. Nor was she wrong ; for scarcely had she closed the door, and concealed herself, than it was flung violently open, and Abbas pushed noisily through. With the deadly sin of Tarquin adding another stain to his ulcerated soul, which knew shame and fear, but not remorse, the baffled tyrant crept away from the presence of his victim that might have been, his prisoner still—all unknowing of the deadly peril he had just escaped—of other dangers lurking in his path—and only plotting to carry out by force, or fraud, his vile infraction of the laws of God and man.

But the small cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which neither he, nor the woman, saw or knew of, was still rolling down toward him, charged with his doom.

The Frenchwoman crept back into the room, and there found Edith, still standing like a pythoness, with dilating eye and expanded nostril, the dagger still uplifted in her hand—gazing with strained intensity on the door through which her insulter had slunk away. She did not seem to see the woman, when she entered and came up to her ; and it was only when she spoke, that Edith, with a start, recovered her consciousness, and, kissing it first, hastily replaced the dagger in her bosom.

"Well done ! my daughter," the old woman said ; "I saw it all ; and strange to tell, you saved the life of yonder dastard by menacing your own ! He thought the menace was for him. Cowardly and cruel, the two go together. My dagger would have made a new Viceroy for Egypt, in one second more, had he gone forward instead of back ! I thought it was his Kismet to die by my hand, ere this moon wanes ; but it seems not. Yet the stars cannot lie ! But lie thou still, here," she added, as Edith, in reaction from her late excitement, fell upon her neck, and burst into a flood of hysterical weeping. "Lie thou still, my daughter. The tiger will crouch awhile before he ventures another spring. He will consult me first, and employ me to drug thee—I know him well ! So, he is easily baffled, thou seest. Rest tranquil : for the Khanum has promised, who ever keeps her word. She told me, 'This evening I send two auxiliaries. The stars have not lied ! The prophecy will be fulfilled—the new moon comes after to-morrow !' Knowest thou what that means, my child ? It signifies deliverance for thee—ay ! and for Egypt, too !—for the stars and the Khanum lie not !"

CHAPTER XXXVI.—ORZMUD AND AHRIMAN.

At noon on the same day which witnessed the great peril and escape of Edith at the Abassieh, El Warda sat watching by the couch of Askaros, in the sad and lonely house, in which had lately been enacted so many scenes of joy and of woe—succeeding each other with the rapidity and shifting changes of color in the kaleidoscope. The sick man—now restored to his right mind, but wan and worn from the ravages of the fever that had shorn him of his strength—lay exhausted on his couch, sunk in a fitful and disturbed slumber.

So weakened was he in mind and body, that it had been an easy task for the girl—no adept in deceit, and truthful always—to make him accept the preconcerted story, that accounted for his wife's absence ; but he was impatient for her return : and every time he was wakened, would repeat the same question as to when she might be expected.

It is one of the alleviations of illness, that a merciful Providence sends, that the doubts and fears which would most keenly afflict us in health, trouble us but little in that shadowy realm that separates illness from death ; and a kind of childish confidence in the statements of friends who surround us, and minister to our wants, replaces the exercise of individual judgment. Therefore, the story, which in health would not have satisfied Askaros, nor quieted his apprehensions, was now perfectly reassuring to the sick man.

El Warda watched over him with a sister's care, and had only left him when the message brought by the dove proved the necessity of promptitude, and induced her to pay that visit to the princess, of which the results have already been related. As she sat and watched the sick man, she fell into a reverie, in which the strange and exciting scenes which had so suddenly broken the monotony of a life, until now so uneventful, passed in review before her.

She recalled the hopes she had cherished—not fully understood by herself until they were blasted ; and she lingered over their memory with a fond regret. Then her thoughts passed on to the strange conduct of Daoud, at the second visit she had paid him ; and to the mysterious allusions he had made, which she could not comprehend. Her mind dwelt on him with a pertinacity and an interest which displeased herself. She knew she did not love him, as she had loved another ; yet she felt a deeper interest, and certainly a warmer sentiment for the young Syrian than mere friendship would warrant.

As the girl sat thus, with her eyes fixed on the sleeping invalid, weaving these thoughts and fancies in her busy brain, so deep was her

self-absorption that she did not hear the sound of stealthy footsteps creeping near, nor observe that the curtain of the door had been raised, and several forms had glided into the obscurity of the darkened chamber. The first intimation she had of their presence, was feeling something thrown over her head, and enveloping her arms, while strong hands seized and bound her.

She could not resist, nor shriek out for help, because half stifled by the pressure of the covering upon her face ; and she was gently deposited on a divan, and left there. Then she could hear the sound of persons moving softly about the room, and finally a noise as of removing a heavy piece of furniture. But what struck her as strange was that the noise did not awaken Askaros ; for she heard neither the sound of his, nor of any other voice. All was carried on in silence. No one spoke, nor even whispered, that she could hear. At length even these slight sounds ceased, and all was quiet again in the chamber—so quiet indeed that the girl could hear the rustling of leaves in the garden, but no call from Askaros—no sound of human voice, or evidence of human presence in her vicinity.

Strange as the situation was, the suddenness of the whole thing had been so great, and she had been so gently treated, that she was but little terrified, though she could form no idea of the meaning of the strange proceeding, since it was plain no violence had been intended. But as time glided away, and no one came to liberate her, the silence of the chamber became oppressive. By a strong effort she released her right arm from its bonds, lifted a little the stifling pressure of the band over her face, and called on her brother's name, to at least awaken him, and hear the sound of a human voice. Besides, she knew he had a small silver bell near him, and could summon the slaves to release her.

But her surprise changed into alarm when, after calling, first gently, then more loudly, no answer came but the echo of her own voice. A new alarm took possession of her, and with the strength of desperation she tore away the coverings from her face, wrenching herself round on the divan, so as to command a view of the sick man's couch, and peered eagerly into it.

The couch was empty !

Then, all at once, flashed into her mind the horrid purpose of this strange visit, and the meaning of the noises she had heard. They had come to steal Askaros away, and had succeeded in their attempt. The last drop had fallen. The poor girl's cup was full ! With a wild shriek she fell back again upon the divan ; and when the slaves, summoned by the sound, ran to the apartment, they discovered their master was gone, and El Warda lying senseless in her bonds.

Slowly she recovered her consciousness, and with it a keen sense of the new danger which threatened that fated house. Askaros, during the tedious hours she had sat by his bed of illness, had told her the strange tale of his previous abduction ; and she therefore doubted not an instant the quarter from which this new stroke came.

One thought alone suggested itself to her in this emergency. She must go and consult Daoud, her only counselor, since she had learned but the day before that Moussa-ben-Israel, the only other she could trust, was still absent at Jerusalem. Her resolve was no sooner made than acted upon. She summoned Fatima and a man slave, and for the third time bent her steps toward the house of Daoud.

Let us pass before her into the house of the Syrian, and find out the condition of mind in which she was to meet him. For, at the moment of her arrival, he was carrying on a fierce conflict in his own soul, and striving to arrive at a decision, on which his whole future destiny would hang.

The Persians believe that over the birth of every male child there preside two divinities, Orzmud, the Spirit of Good, and Ahriman, the Spirit of Evil ; and that the life of that man represents the conflicts of these warring angels. Sometimes the one, again the other, gets control of all his actions ; and the strife ends only with his death, when the angels appear as witnesses for and against him, before the great Judgment-seat.

In the life, and conflicting influences of the Syrian, was afforded an apt illustration of this Eastern superstition ; for his soul, during many months, had been a battlefield for these warring powers ; and Ahriman, the Spirit of Evil, had almost gained the mastery, until the treachery of Abbas, and the gentle influence of his love for the pure young girl, had once more given Orzmud a place in his troubled soul—a battlefield strewn with the wrecks of past conflict.

When El Warda, like a ministering angel, had visited him before—wretched, miserable, despairing, and trembling on the verge of madness, and with her pure influence had caused hope to dawn again on his darkened spirit—Orzmud had gained the vantage-ground. Daoud vowed to dedicate the rest of his life to better and brighter things, and to make himself worthy of her he loved. Hence he had labored diligently and indefatigably to undo his own evil work, and to expiate it by services to the man, whom he had formerly destined as his victim.

The force of circumstances, however, or as he in his Eastern fatalism termed it, his Kismet, had drawn him once more into the vortex of troubled waters, from which he had hoped to escape : and the instincts of hate and vengeance had been revived in his soul, by renewed conflict with the wiles of Abbas, and by that interview with the Khanum, whose skillful touch had set bleeding afresh the wounds of pride and revenge, festering and unhealed within his soul.

These evil impulses had almost banished the good influence, that had fallen like dew upon his heart, in the interview with the woman he loved with all the wild idolatry of his passionate Eastern nature. And Ahriman, not

Orzmud, was whispering to him, as he sat awaiting the eunuch who was again to lead him into the presence of the Khanum.

But, mingling with the tempting suggestions of the fiend, appealing to his fiercer passions, came the chill whispers of doubt and dread. The mission on which the princess sought to send him he more than suspected, for his subtle intellect did not require such broad hints as she had given, to fathom her fell purpose. It was a mission of life or death for him or for another, and the odds were fearfully in favor of his enemy, whom he now knew to be hers also. She incurred no risk—that was all his. If he failed, on his head alone would fall the penalty. Perhaps it was a trick, after all, and she was acting as the instrument of that enemy to lure him to his destruction. But his subtle spirit soon dismissed this last suspicion. The woman was in earnest. There could be no doubt of that : but she had saved him before, only with the view to use him, as she was now doing. Turn it as he would, he was her tool after all : when he flattered himself he was avenging his own wrongs.

That thought was galling to his proud spirit. Was he doomed ever to be the cat's paw and convenience of others ? he, who felt in his soul the power of originating and commanding !

Then, too, there came another suggestion. He was playing a fearful game, the price of which was his own life, which might be wrested from him, as the Khanum had told him, under slow tortures, to which his previous punishment had been as thistledown, when weighed against them. Like many men of the greatest moral courage, and utterly contemptuous of danger, however great if only sudden : the delicate nervous organization of the Syrian rendered him morbidly susceptible to physical pain, as much so as a woman. Therefore, he shuddered at the thought of those slow tortures the princess had hinted of, and which rose to his imagination in the shape of impalement, and other Eastern punishments.

But more than all—after incurring the terrible risk of all these dangers—was he sure of getting his reward ? even if successful. He had no promise, no pledge from El Warda that she would pay him the only price he coveted, and be the guardian angel of his life when he came back triumphant, when he had fulfilled his pledge to her to save those two, one of whom, he half feared she still loved with a consuming though pure and hopeless passion.

These thoughts had recurred to him while returning from the bath, after making the changes in his appearance suggested by the Khanum ; for those very precautions proved how dangerous needs must be the mission requiring such disguise. He half resolved to temporize, and, under plea of illness, to refuse to go when the princess sent for him, that he might have more time to think over an affair so momentous. For there was a desperate hope in his heart, that he might yet win El Warda without so terrible an ordeal : without once more staining his soul and his hands with fresh sin.

He was sent for no child's play ; that he knew. To gain such an angel, must he, like the old Greek he had read of, descend into hell ? unlike him, not to find her there, but to drag her down from her pure sphere, to consort with one, the accomplice and tool of a she devil !

No, he would not go ! at least not yet. He would try first if more legitimate and less wicked means could not accomplish the ends he sought ; means of which he could frankly speak, and she could approve. For the other black secret would hang over their future confidence, and cloud his happiness like a funeral pall. No, he would not go !

As these thoughts passed through his mind he looked out of the window over the trees of the Ezbekieh, and gazed up in the air, with a sudden remembrance of the omen he had seen there so many weary, weary days ago, when the shadows of coming evil were just beginning to darken his soul.

High up in air, just over the Ezbekieh trees, sailed a vulture-hawk, slowly circling down, as if intending to alight.

"I see the vulture now, but not the dove," the Syrian muttered. "Like me, he is weary of the chase, and longs for rest, not evil."

Even as he spoke, an Arnaout ruffian, who was lounging, half drunk with arrackee, in front of the coffee-house, suddenly sprang up, leveled at the vulture his long Albanian rifle with twisted stock, and just as the bird was about settling to its rest, brought it heavily to the earth, fluttering in its death agony.

"Is that an omen too ?" hissed Daoud, fiercely. "Is the foul fiend permitted even to mock me thus, when a good aspiration rises to my soul ? Oh, that I could see my guardian angel now, to confirm my good resolves !"

The almost unspoken words had scarcely passed his lips when she whom he had invoked glided into the room ; and when he turned, he saw her standing at his side, gazing upon him with a half wondering look of doubt and recognition.

NATIONAL NICKNAMES.—The names for national characters were, and are still, very pithy and suggestive. Frenchmen have taunted the English for centuries with love of pudding. An old French traveler writes: "The English very much delight in pudding. They think themselves so happy when they have a pudding before them, that if any one would tell a friend he is arrived in a lucky juncture, the ordinary salutation is, 'Sir, I am glad to see you ; you have come in pudding-time.'" So (remarks a London writer), our gallant soup-loving neighbors must needs christen our country wit, who was the life of wakes and merry-meetings, and the grand figure of the comic stage, by Jack Pudding ; and very civilly we, in turn, named theirs Jean Potage. The German clown, from a similar liking for sausages in the land of smokers and philosophers, was styled Hans Wurst (John Sausage), the Dutch one, Pickle Herring, and the Italian one, Macaroni. In a like manner the word Cockney, from the Latin word *cogno*—to cook, is used for the native of a great city, hinting at their love for luxurious fare and consequent effeminacy. Nor are the simpletons forgotten in this catalogue. Greece had its Abderites and Bootians, Germany had its Krishwinkelites, and England its Gothamites.



PRESIDENT GRANT AT LONG BRANCH—THE BALL AT THE STETSON HOUSE, JULY 26.—SEE PAGE 343.



FATAL EXPLOSION OF FIREWORKS—TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO MEMBERS OF THE JERRY MURPHY ASSOCIATION, IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, N. Y., JULY 28TH.—SEE PAGE 343.



REV. DR. ELEAZAR WHEELOCK, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, N. H.

BURNED IN A MOSS FIRE.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

In the northern part of Siberia, above the sixteenth parallel of latitude, there are wide



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.



ASA D. SMITH, PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, N. H.

ground is quite clear, and supports nothing but a few lichens and grasses that seek the shelter of the trees.

The wide stretches of open ground between the valleys are often many miles in extent, and present a picture of desolation, especially when covered with snow. At a depth of two

feet in solidity. In many localities the heat of the sun during the brief summer does not soften more than a foot of the surface, and on land sloping to the northward the portion thawed is only a few inches. The solid earth contains the bones and other remains of animals of a past age, that must have been frozen where

quaintance with animals now extinct. In 1799 a part of the shore at the mouth of the Lena river was broken away, and exposed the body, skin, flesh and all of a mammoth that probably lived and moved in that region more than twenty thousand years ago. When first discovered the specimen was complete, but the



COMMENCEMENT DAY AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, HANOVER, N. H., JULY 22D—THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TENT—GEN. SHERMAN DELIVERING AN ADDRESS.

expanses of treeless land, that spread with little variation in their surface like the flat prairies of some of our Western States. Trees are found only on the water-courses, and form a belt varying from a few hundred yards to several miles in width on both sides of the streams. These timbered lands have none of the luxuriance of our American forests, the trees rarely attaining more than a foot in diameter, and the varieties being generally limited to the birch, the pine and the larch. The latter is the most abundant, and furnishes better building material than its fellows, as its trunk is quite straight and free from disagreeable knots and excrescences. On the hills the spruce may be found, but the cold retards its growth, and gives it a stunted appearance, as if endeavoring to shrink into the earth and hide from human sight. Here and there are found a thick underbrush, but more frequently the

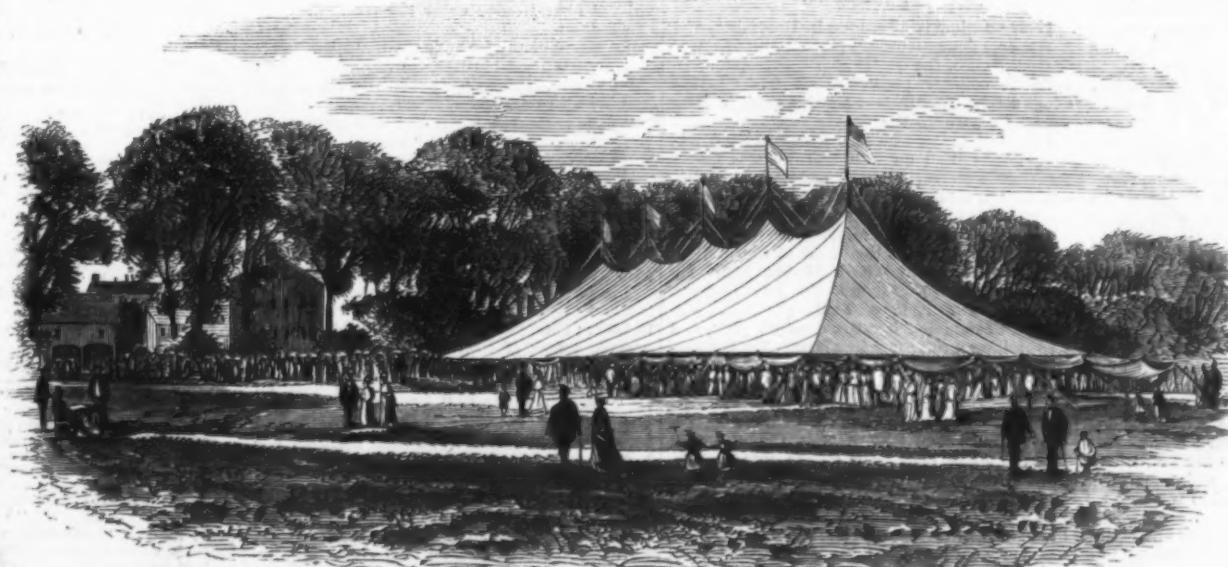
feet the ground is permanently frozen, and the roots of no vegetable that grows are able to penetrate the earth, which almost equals granite in solidity.

Occasionally a bank of earth breaking away brings a huge

natives, who had little regard for science, cut away its flesh to feed to their dogs, and what they left became the prey of the bears and foxes.

In 1805 the spot was visited by a naturalist, sent out by the Russian Academy of Science, who brought away whatever he could find of the skeleton. Nearly all the larger bones were found, and brought to St. Petersburg, where they are now preserved.

The treeless plains are called in the Tartar tongue *toondras*, or *tundras*, the latter word having the sound of the same letter in full. Instead of grass they are covered with moss, which often attains a depth of several feet, increasing from year to year by a steady growth from below. The best season for traveling on the tundras is in winter, when the moss is covered with snow, and all inequalities are leveled by the same substance. Very often the wind blows over them with fearful violence, piling



COMMENCEMENT DAY AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, N. H.—THE COLLEGE GROUNDS AND EXTERIOR OF THE GREAT TENT.—FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 343.

the snow in large drifts, and filling the air with a dense cloud, which the eye finds it impossible to penetrate. Traveling parties are frequently lost on the tundras, and perish in the storms, and very often no trace of them is ever discovered. The natives are unwilling to venture upon them when storms are threatening, and always watch the indications of the weather with a great deal of care.

When the snow melts in the springtime the surface of the ground is too flat to allow the water to run off, and so it lies in a sort of shallow lake until evaporated by the heat of the sun. The moss holds it like an enormous sponge, and sometimes the water extends above the moss, and altogether hides it from view. Of course travel upon such a surface is quite out of the question. As Benton said of the Missouri river, "it is too thick to swim in, and not quite thick enough to walk on." The water on the tundras in the spring is an effectual bar to travel, both for men and animals, and the country remains quite undisturbed by anything not capable of flight.

After the water has disappeared the tundras often become very dry, and should there be a long absence of rain the moss is parched and withered, as it can draw very little nourishment from the ground below it. The heat of the sun carries away all its moisture, and toward the end of summer the whole vegetable surface is as inflammable as a haystack. In traveling over the tundra at this dry season, wherever the moss is deep travelers are careful about handling fire. Progress through the moss is always difficult, as the feet of men and horses sink into it, and the labor of moving is not unlike that of walking through deep sand. These facts, added to the extreme sparseness of the inhabitants, account for the small number of travelers and the entire absence of roads through the country. Those who travel do not attempt to follow any track, but simply move in the direction of the places where their journeys are directed.

When the tundras are on fire the moss does not burn like the grass of our Western prairies in the stories of twenty years ago; there is never any flame, and very often no smoke is visible. Especially is this the case when a light rain has fallen, enough to moisten the surface, but not sufficient to extend below it. The fire smolders and eats its way slowly, just as sometimes happens in a thoroughly-dried peat bog, or in heap of cotton waste. If the moss is deep the fire burns it down to the roots, and the heat it throws out is very great. As the surface gives no indication of the fire, it sometimes happens that men suddenly find themselves in it where they have not suspected the presence of a single spark. Horses are generally but not always quick to discover it, and dogs are entrapped in these tundra fires very rarely.

While I was in Siberia I heard several instances of men entering these moss fires and being badly burned. Mr. Paul Anosoff, my companion across the Pacific Ocean and through the Ohotsk Sea, was the first to tell me of the peculiarities of those northern regions, and the dangers that beset the traveler. He once had a narrow escape from a severe burning, though he seemed to regard it as of comparatively small moment. He had passed through so many adventures, that whatever would seem of great importance to other men was to him a trifle hardly worth the telling.

One day toward the end of a very dry summer two merchants of Yakutsk started upon a journey from that city to Kalyma. Their route was by way of the valleys of the Lena and Indigirka rivers, across a chain of rugged mountains and over several plains that lay between the valleys of the Indigirka and the Kolyma. They were on horseback, and accompanied by two servants and three Yakut natives, who looked after the horses and served as guides on the route. A part of the way there was a faint trail, but for the most part the travelers followed no regular route, but went wherever their guides and their fancy led them. This was particularly the case on the tundras where they selected the places where their horses could find the best footing, and the moss seemed of the least depth. Their progress was slow as the loads of their horses were heavy, and the animals were speedily wearied in the labor of walking through the moss.

Generally they moved in single file, but at times they were abreast of each other when the nature of the ground was favorable. While crossing one of the small rivers flowing into the Lena, one of the pack-horses was carried off his feet by the force of the current, and swept down the stream for half a mile or more. He came to land on the side whence he had started, and was so thoroughly worn out by his efforts to escape that it was not deemed safe to try it again with him in a loaded condition. The burden was removed and placed upon another horse which had crossed the stream twice before. The weak animal was then taken over without a load, and after matters had been perfectly arranged the march was resumed.

The two merchants, with one servant and a Yakut guide, started ahead just as the pack-horse was safely brought across the stream. They were nearly an hour in advance of their companions, whom they agreed to meet on a ridge, a little distance beyond a small tundra, just outside the valley of the river. The tundra, though small, was covered with deep moss, and as the first party reached it, there was a light haze hanging over the ground, which one of the merchants observed.

"I think," said he, "that there is a storm brewing, or possibly the tundra is on fire."

"Nonsense," replied the other; "there may be a storm coming, but as for the fire, I have been this way a dozen times, and never saw anything of the kind yet. If there is a fire, we shall be sure to find it out."

Dismissing the subject from their minds, the merchants filled their pipes, and indulged in a smoke. They were careful not to throw the fire where it would be likely to ignite the moss,

lest some one following them might find himself in trouble.

Hardly had they gone half a mile when, almost at the same moment, the horses of the two merchants sank down and were writhing in agony. Both the men were thrown from their saddles by the violent struggles of their animals. The tundra was on fire!

The moss on the surface was wet from a recent rain, so that the fire was smoldering quite out of sight. The dry moss, several feet in depth, burned like peat, and though emitting no smoke, the fire was very hot. Had the men observed closely, they would have seen that the surface of the moss was fallen in a little, and had a withered appearance different from the unburned portion. But the occurrence is so infrequent that they had not thought to give the matter any special attention.

One of the merchants was thrown from his horse the moment it went down, and in falling he came quite near the edge of the fire. His hands were dreadfully burned, and his clothing scorched, but before the fire had done him serious damage he scrambled out, and was safe. He had the presence of mind to roll himself upon the wet moss, and so extinguished the fire that had caught upon his garments.

But his companion met a horrible death.

The horse in his struggles carried him several yards into the fire, and as the man was thrown from the saddle, he fell still further away, with the horse still lying upon him. He extricated himself very speedily, but before he could do so he was blinded by the fire, and did not know which way to turn. His friends called him, but hardly had he taken a single step before he fell again prostrate. His cries of pain were fearful, but were speedily ended, as he became insensible from the heat and gases arising out of the burning heap where he lay. Probably his sufferings were really less than those of his companion whose life had been saved.

The horse died from suffocation, though not till they had writhed for some minutes with the effect of the heat. The servant and the Yakut guide had stopped their horses instantly as the two merchants broke into the burning moss. They stood, unable to do more than aid the one who escaped from the fire; the other was beyond their reach, and they could do nothing for him, not even to save his body and give it burial.

The wounds of the rescued man were bound up in the best available manner, and just as the balance of the party arrived the rough surgery was completed. With a view to continuing their journey they endeavored to ascertain the extent of the conflagration. They found that several acres had been burned over, and as far as they could observe, the fire had been at work for a week, or more. It proceeded very slowly, and probably would not be extinguished until the autumn rains and the snows of early winter had fallen upon it.

Sometimes these fires continued until after the first fall of snow. The warmth of the surface causes the snow to melt, and the melting ultimately extinguishes the fire. But occasionally the fire is so strong that a heavy snowfall is required to destroy it. I was told of an instance where it continued for a month or more after the commencement of winter, and several inches of snow had been deposited on the surrounding hills.

On rare occasions, when fleeing from pursuit, reindeer have been known to run into these fires and be destroyed. But generally the wild animals go wide of everything of the kind, their scent being no less acute than that of other wild animals the world over. It is only in cases of excitement, or when seeking to avoid danger, that they lose their habitual caution. A Siberian hunter was one day following a bear, and pursued him from the forest to the edge of a tundra. Just as he was getting near enough to use his rifle, another bear came in sight, and proceeded to attack the first. In the fight they gradually made their way into the open ground, and in one of their affectionate hugs the twain rolled into a very warm fire.

Their fighting ceased instantly, and, howling with pain, they scrambled out of their unaccustomed locality. They forgot their quarrel, and were evidently inclined to retire to the forest without further discussion. The hunter embraced the opportunity to shoot one of the bears, but the other escaped, and was probably careful for the future in selecting his dueling-grounds.

EVALINE.

It was a gloomy afternoon in December, and a rather gloomy-looking place of abode was Seaton House, the residence of Dr. Seaton, an eminent country physician. It was situated about a mile from N., a small town in New Hampshire, where the doctor had commenced his medical career as a poor assistant; but fortune had smiled on him, and he was now a prosperous M. D. He was married, but without family, although, of late years, the orphan daughter of his only sister had been an inmate of his household. A malignant fever had carried off her father in the prime of life, and his delicate wife expired of a broken heart six months afterward. Alone in the library on this December afternoon sat Evaline Dalton. She had just completed her twenty-third year, and was neither pretty nor handsome, for her features were irregular; but she possessed a pair of soft, melting, dark eyes, a profusion of glossy brown hair, and an irresistible sweetness of expression. There was a shade of deep melancholy on her face just then, as she sat, for a wonder, doing nothing but gaze into the fire. Evaline's life was rather a sad one, for Mrs. Seaton had never liked her gentle sister-in-law; and, consequently, bestowed little love upon her child, so that not even Mr. Seaton's kindness could prevent his niece from feeling her dependent position most keenly. Small wonder was it, then, that Evaline looked grave; and something

very like a tear was glistening in her eye; it did not fall, however, for she was suddenly startled by a quick tap at the door, which immediately afterward flew open to admit a bright, pretty-looking girl of nineteen or twenty, dressed in a blue riding-habit, and a jaunty little hat and feathers.

"My dear Minnie, how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed Evaline, returning her visitor's warm embrace. "Is it not too cold for you to be out?"

"Not a bit," replied the little lady, gayly. "I thought I should find you alone, and I have such news for you, dear Eva. What do you think? Horace is really coming home."

"You told me so—next year."

"Yes, but directly. O Eva, darling! he will be here this very night. He has not been well in India for some time, as you know, and he obtained leave and sailed, thinking he would surprise us. We only heard it this morning."

"I am very glad," replied Evaline. "A bright color had come into her cheeks, but the quietness of her tone was displeasing to the delighted sister.

"Oh, you are so composed about it," she exclaimed; "I expected you to be half wild; for you know you and Horace used to be such friends always. Don't you remember, at the picnics and parties all that summer before he went away, there was no one he liked so well?"

"Ah! he has forgotten me by this time. He is a man now, you know, Minnie—five and twenty last birthday."

"Well, if he has, he will soon remember you again; for mamma says you must come and spend the week with us. I met Mr. Seaton as I came, and he is quite willing."

"Did he really say I might? How very nice! It is so kind of you to ask me, dear Minnie!"

"Not at all; we could not get on without you. Now I must run away, or my pony will catch cold. Good-by, darling! I shall come for you myself to-morrow, in the carriage, and you know Mrs. Seaton can never withstand me. Dream of Horace to-night; and think of us this evening."

Evaline went to the door to see her friend mount, and then came back again; but somehow or other the room looked very different now. Horace and Minnie Everson were the children of a wealthy solicitor, residing at N.—. There were two more sons besides Horace. He and Evaline had been playfellows in childhood. Six years ago he had entered the Indian army; but Evaline's girlish affection had then been given to him, and her heart had remained faithful. It was her first and only love who was coming home that night. Yet no word of love had ever been breathed by him; and in all those years he must have met with so many fairer than she was. But still the fire seemed to burn more brightly, and she could give a very truthful "yes," to her uncle's inquiry whether she was glad her old playfellow was coming home again, although she had persuaded herself that he must have entirely forgotten her. The next evening a right merry party were assembled in Mr. Everson's spacious drawing-room; and Evaline was amongst them. She wore a simple white tarlatane dress, with a spray of holly in her hair; but her cheeks were glowing, and her eyes sparkling. It was no wonder that Horace remarked to his sister that Evaline had grown quite pretty. He had arrived safely the evening before. The six years had only altered him for the better. Evaline felt that directly. They were standing together a little apart from the rest, and had been talking of old times, when he inquired how she was getting on now.

"Oh, pretty well," replied Evaline, cheerfully; "my uncle is very kind."

"And Mrs. Seaton—you used not to be quite good friends?"

"I fear she does not love me very much; but every one must have something, you know. All is for the best, is my motto."

"Ah! you are just the same as ever, Evaline; it is a comfort to find you so little changed; but I see Minnie coming to scold us for standing still while this lovely valse is going on. Shall we try? I used to like no dancing so well as yours."

She assented, and, after that, they danced together so often as to make Minnie exclaim that Horace and Eva were just as "thick" as ever.

A happy week was that, and Evaline, with all her hopefulness, could not help dreading the return to her lonely home. They were all going to a party in the neighborhood. She was ready before any one else, and waiting alone in the library, her little white-slippered foot on the fender, and in a reverie so deep that she did not hear Horace enter the room, until he exclaimed:

"A silver penny for your thoughts, Evaline!"

She started and blushed, but replied, smiling:

"I won't sell them all; but some were regrets that my visit ends to-morrow."

"Ends to-morrow! Oh no; we cannot spare you yet. You must not go," he said, gayly.

"I must, indeed; my aunt will expect me."

His tone altered, as he replied:

"Then my pleasure will go with you, Evaline.

You have become essentially necessary to my happiness; give me the right to keep you always with me. It is long since I first loved you. Can you love me better than a friend?"

The blush was crimson now, but her loving, truthful eyes met his, and he read his answer in them; and drawing her gently to his side, he pressed a kiss of heartfelt affection upon her lips. Then Minnie's voice was heard calling them, and very soon the whole party were on their way to Fairly Hall. What a night that was to Evaline! What a gleam of sunshine had burst upon her path! The next morning her happiness was still more complete; for she found how ready and willing Mr. and Mrs. Seaton had never liked her gentle sister-in-law; and, consequently, bestowed little love upon her child, so that not even Mr. Seaton's kindness could prevent his niece from feeling her dependent position most keenly. Small wonder was it, then, that Evaline looked grave; and something

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BRIGHAM YOUNG celebrates every birthday with a new wife.

It is said that under the new system of extracting alcohol from garbage, a palatable article of beer may be obtained from old boots.

It must be a happy thought to a Jersey over that his blood and that of his sweetheart mingle in the same mosquito.

A PAUPER recently left a Massachusetts almshouse because she could not have sirloin steak and green tea served at midnight.

It is generally known that there was no such man as Robinson Crusoe; but the Navy Department can now furnish Robeson crusaders.

A GRINDSTONE which was sent to England in a bale of foreign cotton, has come back to the old plantation in a cask of sugar.

It is reported that a young lady out West, who recently received an unprecedentedly large verdict in a breach of promise case, has engaged herself to eleven of the jurymen who gave her the money.

HARRY, you ought not to throw away nice bread like that; you may want it some day."

"Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then if I should eat it now?"

A boy having complained to his father that Bill had thrown the Bible at him and hurt him on the head, the father replied:

"Well, you are the only member of the family on whom the Bible ever made the least impression."

ILL tell you a story

About Old Mother Borie—

And now my story's begun;

If her timbers had been stronger

She'd have lasted a little longer—

But now her story's done.

A KIND physician living near Boston, wishing to smooth the last hours of a poor woman whom he was attending, asked her if there was anything that he could do for her before she died. The poor soul, looking up, replied:

"Doctor, I have always thought that I should like to possess a glass butter-dish before I died!"

"HERE'S your money, boy, and now tell me why your rascally master wrote eighteen letters about that contemptible sum."

"I'm sure, sir, I can't say; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I sort of reckon 'twas because seventeen didn't fetch it."

A FAMILY in Philadelphia, when the neighbors are going into the country, secures the same result by cheaper means. The parlors are closed, carpets taken up, gas turned off, cheap crockery used, and by the use of plain food, frequent baths, candle-light, and other discomfits, they persuade themselves that they are enjoying a season in the country.

A LETTER was received at the New York Post-office on Sunday having the following direction:

JORDAN, Minn., July 14, 1869.

UNCLE SAMUEL—Dear Sir: Like a weaver's shuttle, to the East let me fee, To the State of New Jersey, down by the sea; When at Millville I stop, pray give me a to John Heathcote the fiddler and weaving-room boss.

THREE little boys were disputing as to whose father said the shortest grace.

First Boy—"My father says, 'Lord, we thank thee for these provisions.'"

Second Boy—"And mine says, 'Father, bless this food to us.'"

Third Boy—"Ah, but mine's the best of all; he shoves his plate toward mamma, and says, 'Darn ye, fill up.'"

LAST year a man, say John Smith

CATARRH.

Bad, nasty complaint; one-third of the people are its subjects. Wolcott's Annihilator cures it permanently. Six pints will be sent, free of express charge, on receipt of \$5, or one pint of Pain Paint, for Pain, Lameness or Diarrhea, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y., or sold at all Drug Stores.

THE CONDITIONS OF HEALTH.

It is idle to expect health if the precautions necessary to secure it are neglected. The human organization is a delicate piece of mechanism, and requires as much intelligent care and watchfulness to keep it in order as are requisite in the management of the most complicated combination of levers, wheels and pinions.

At this season of the year the body is peculiarly sensitive, because it is greatly weakened and relaxed by the continuous heat. The skin, in summer, with its millions of pores wide open, is a very different sort of tegument from the compact fibrous covering which it becomes under the action of the winter's cold. The muscles, too, are comparatively flaccid, the nerves tremulous, the blood poor, and the whole frame less capable of enduring fatigue and resisting disease than in cool weather. These indications of a depressed condition of the vital forces are so many unmistakable hints that nature needs reinforcing.

Ordinary stimulants will not effect this object. They inflame and excite, but do not strengthen. The only preparation which can be depended upon to impart staminal vigor to the system, and enable it to endure the ordeal of the heated term without giving way under the pressure, is HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, a tonic and corrective so pure, so harmless, so utterly free from the drawbacks which render many of the powerful astringents employed in medical practice more dangerous than the ailments they are employed to cure, that it may be administered without fear to the feeblest female invalid, or the most delicate child. The cathartic and alterative vegetable ingredients, which are combined with those of a tonic nature in its composition, keep the bowels moderately free and perfectly regular, while the work of invigoration is going on. The finest blood depurants which the herbal kingdom affords are also among its components, so that it recruits, purifies and regulates the system simultaneously.

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Freckles, and Tan from the face, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. It is reliable. Sold by all Druggists. 717-29

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